JOHN BULL

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The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P.

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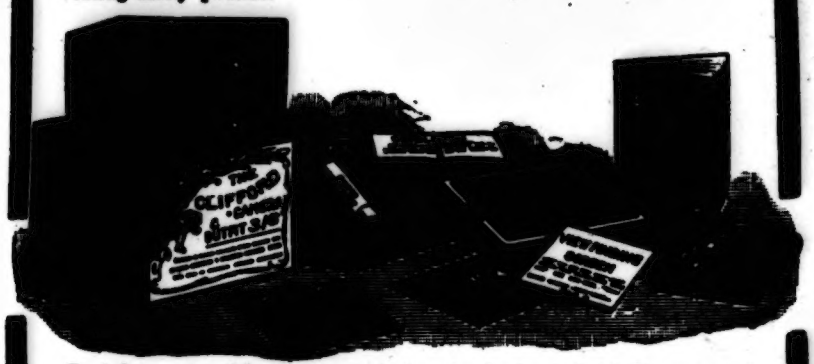

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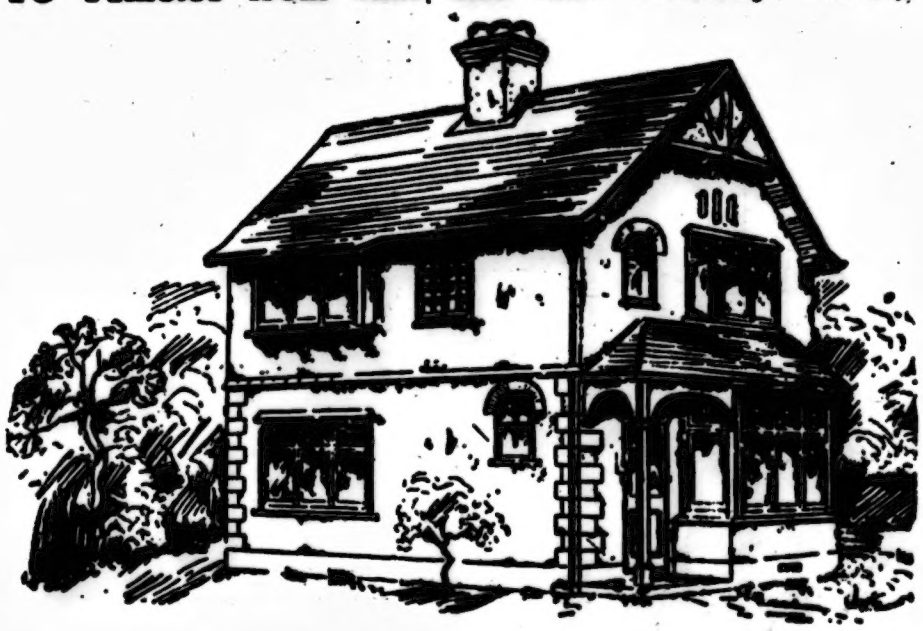

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Vo'. II. No. 48. Saturday, May 4th, 1907. One Penny.

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AT IT AGAIN.

By HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

The faddists have been at it again. They have rushed a Scotch Local Veto Bill through the Commons. Reversing the proper order of things, the House has sent it "upstairs"—to the Scotch Grand Committee. Yet, it would have been better had it been kicked downstairs. Better for temperance, better for freedom, better for national character. When *will* the good, dear people of the "Temperance party" recognise the historical fact that in no country, at any time, has restrictive legislation promoted sobriety? Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, with all their special legislation—Sunday closing, early closing, holiday closing—are more drunken to-day than England; whilst France, with almost free trade in drink, is one of the soberest countries in the world. And whilst England every year is becoming more sober, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales are becoming less so.

Much was said in the debate about the experience of America—and it is strange how people who deride that illustration in fiscal matters fly to it for other purposes when they think the facts are in their favour. Let us look at America.

There is no other country in the world which has given so much attention to liquor traffic legislation. It is the home of the liquor reformer, and of those who believe that men can be made temperate by legislation. During the past three years the States have passed 164 separate laws directly affecting the liquor traffic, and those passed in earlier years are too numerous to mention. Various devices unknown to this country have been tried. Prohibition has been tried; at one time or another seventeen States have had it in its severest form. It is now only retained by three, and in those it cannot be looked upon as a success. Parts of prohibitive States have often been in open rebellion against the law; drinking has never been impossible; the sale of liquor has always been profitable, and seldom disreputable in the eyes of the public. Violation of the law has been open and avowed. Maine above any other State of the Union has been associated with prohibition legislation. The Maine prohibitory law was passed in 1851, and has been more or less amended and altered every year since. A constitutional prohibitory amendment was passed in 1884, which reads—"the manufacture of intoxicating liquors, not including cider, and the sale and keeping for sale of intoxicating liquors are and shall be for ever prohibited." What has been the result? "Prohibition," writes Mr. Vice-Consul Keating, "while it certainly restricts the sale of liquor, certainly does not suppress it. While the poor, improvident, or stranger, is compelled to seek the 'pocket peddlar,' the average non-abstainer can get rather more than he wants at the numerous clubs, or else at his or his friend's home, and if his wants are running low a telephone order to a dealer in the neighbouring State will soon replenish his stock by the next train, or by express."

For two or three years previous to 1905 the Sheriff of Cumberland County, in which the town of Portland is situated, had organised the system of restricted saloons, where the sale of liquor was winked at by the officials. This led to the appointment of the so-called Sturges' Commission, intended to put an end to this relaxed condition of the law. In Portland everything in the way of saloons and bar rooms was closed, the Sheriff even seizing the liquors of the City Agency which had just been opened. Mr. Keating reports that the result has been to throw the liquor trade into the hands of "pocket peddlars," and the sailors, longshoremen, and strangers can get nothing but the most villainous liquor.

Prohibition was tried in Iowa; but even where the general public assisted the law a scarcely less brisk trade was carried on in a less open manner. Liquor would be kept in one house and conducted through pipes to another, the spigots being cunningly concealed, or a secret door would open and disclose a well-filled glass, or a revolving closet would be contrived in a partition wall. The thirsty one would place in it a token or coin, and when the closet had completed its revolution, he would find the means of quenching his thirst. All this secret trade brought with it the usual means of combating it. Professional reformers and searchers were appointed, and were generally of the lowest class. Blackmail flourished, the sanctity of private life was violated, the costs of prosecutions increased and their results diminished, witnesses perjured themselves, juries would refuse to convict in face of overwhelming evidence of guilt, and respect for the law vanished. In urban districts, at any rate, it has not been possible to find any sound ethical basis for prohibition, or to persuade the majority to regard its violation as immoral. Without the backing of opinion, says Mr. Lindsay, second secretary to H.M. Embassy at Washington, from whose report, just issued, we are taking these facts, no enforcement of prohibition has been obtained except at the price of raising animosities between rival factions of such intensity as seriously to disturb the community.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

We have frequently commented upon the peculiar ethics of Nonconformist journalism, and consequently were not surprised that, although it had given full publicity to the monstrous aspersions upon this journal and its proprietor, contained in the letter written shortly before his suicide by the late Wallis Mackay, the *Daily News* should have found no room for the Attorney-General's statement. We expected something better, however, from the *Daily Chronicle*. At the same time, we thank the *Times*, the *Daily Telegraph*, the *Standard*, and other leading journals, for their fair treatment in the matter—to which we refer at greater length in another column.

There appears to have been quite a rumpus at the Colonial Conference the other day, when Mr. John Burns turned up to discuss with the Premiers the important question of emigration. We have already indicated our view that these Premiers are not quite the demi-gods they are represented, and (most of them) believe themselves to be; and we understand that Mr. Deakin, especially, came in for some very rough handling by Mr. Burns. In fact, we learn, on pretty good authority, that the President of the Local Government Board, in homely phrase, "mopped the floor" with the Commonwealth Premier.

If Mr. F. E. Smith, M.P., would make a few more speeches of the same character as the one in which he moved the rejection of the Scotch Local Veto Bill, he would soon regain the high reputation which followed his maiden effort, and which has been somewhat on the wane of late. Full of apt fact, cogent argument, and happy illustration, his speech on Friday last was an intellectual treat. If he could only become a little less self-conscious, and a little less parenthetical, he would have a "walk over" for office in the next Conservative Government. Of course, he may be an old man by that time—but one never knows.

Mr. Sherwell, the Member for Huddersfield, also contributed an admirable speech, taking a broad and comprehensive view of the whole field of temperance reform—a subject upon which he is perhaps the greatest living authority—and it must have been a sad blow to the promoters of the Veto Bill when he dissociated himself from their proposals.

Some consternation was caused among our friends by the contents bill of our contemporary, *The Reader*, for last week—"The Passing of John Bull." We are happy to say that the only application of such a phrase to ourselves would be that we have happily passed that critical stage which marks the early days of all journals. May we congratulate *The Reader* upon an equally satisfactory state of things?

Congratulations to Keir Hardie on his reported convalescence. But what a brutal slip that was of the *Daily Telegraph* the other day, when it said that the hon. Member had been taken to a private nursing home for a special examination, in order to decide whether any fresh operation was necessary, "or whether, as is hoped, all risk of complications has *not* been satisfactorily removed"!

We congratulate Mr. Winston Churchill on his appointment to the dignity of Privy Councillor. His position in the Liberal Party to-day is akin to that of Gladstone in the Tory Party when he first entered public life as Member for Newark. He is their rising hope. The Premiership, however, is a competitive office, to be reached only through a clash of claims and interests, and jealousies and, often enough, only through labyrinths of intrigue. Much will have to happen before Mr. Churchill becomes Prime Minister of England. But he has time in his favour. He has, further, the great advantage of personality, and the gift of firing the popular imagination, even now, in a greater degree than any of his contemporaries, with the sole exceptions of Mr. Burns and Mr. Lloyd George. In the Liberal Party to-day those men are the visible popular forces. Other leading members of the Government have names, but they seem to be cut in ice. Mr. Asquith, Mr. Haldane, Sir Edward Grey are impressive, but they bring no warmth of spontaneous enthusiasm to great causes. This is not a defect of capacity, but a defect of temperament, and temperament is everything in a leader.

The agitation in Servia in favour of Prince Arthur of Connaught still continues. The thousands of his photographs circulated in every town and village show that someone is interested, and that someone is prepared to spend money. The latter is an important consideration in every revolutionary enterprise. We remember certain negotiations a few years ago with a view to finding £50,000 for the purpose of changing a dynasty in a country much nearer home. It was only a question of bribing a few generals, or at least assuring them old-age pensions in case of failure. Here, however, it is a case of bringing Prince Arthur up to the scratch, and he will certainly not move until he sees his path very clear. Meanwhile, anti-regicides are waiting, some of them tortured in prison.

Jingoes have a curious way of expressing their patriotism. The 1900 Club lately gave an imperial banquet, with the Union Jack as a carpet, on which Colonial Premiers were invited to wipe their shoes. After that, no emblems are sacred. We may expect to find the Knights of the Garter using their blue ribands as neckties, Arthur Balfour consuming primrose salad, or certain Scotch peers devouring their thistles.

During the course of the Colley-Maskelyne £1,000 Spook case, Archdeacon Colley explained that spirits cannot spell, and are often deficient in grammar, because they forget their earth language when they get on the other side. It is true that people who are not yet spirits sometimes cannot spell also, and are likewise deficient in grammar, but then the question remains for answer, what is the good of being a spirit at all if it is not for the improvement of one's mind and the enlightenment of one's understanding? In our view, a spirit who makes orthographical and grammatical blunders, for which little Billy would be soundly caned at school, should be ashamed of itself; instead of which it pretends he is Professor Huxley, or the Duke of Wellington, or Mr. Gladstone, or Queen Anne, or Dan Leno. There are persons likewise normally constituted who believe in spirits of this sort. All we can say is that they never delude us, and if we catch them trying there will be trouble at once. If Professor Huxley and Mr. Gladstone cannot spell they need not write to us, but in case they do, we will publish their letters in fac-simile as a warning to others.

Naturally there was enthusiasm, audible and suppressed, when Mr. Ellis Davies, the popular Welsh M.P., was called upon in the House of Commons to put a question of which he had given notice, for the hon. and gallant member had made a Parliamentary record—at all events he had become the proud father of three, and the news of this copious event had travelled through the House like wildfire. On hearing the name called members cheered by way of encouragement. It was felt that this was in no sense a party affair, and that Mr. Davies had done his duty by the throne, the altar, and the Constitution as a brave man should. As the father of three, Mr. Davies no doubt

judged it well to take his place at the head of the Home Army till the hour of danger was past, otherwise he would have responded from his accustomed seat. As was sung of old time: "As arrows are in the hand of a mighty man, so are children of the youth; happy is the man who hath his quiver full of them." Therefore let Mr. Davies rejoice and be glad. He has our congratulations—and our envy.

There is no doubt of the success of the Imperial Conference. The Colonial Premiers are being fêted, and fed, and fattened, and when the time comes for them to depart these shores they will carry with them reminiscences of food which will keep their memory and their complexions green. So strenuous have been their days of toil and their nights of waking that some of them have had to retire. Only the other day the Master and Wardens of the Mercers' Company had to send out letters, not of allotment, but of regret that "the luncheon which was to have been given to the Colonial Premiers has been abandoned." The reason is that the makers of Empire were unable to do and dare. They have begun to yearn for the Simpler Life. Uninterrupted courses of such things as quails, lobster salads, and the rare vintages, are apt to disturb the normal working of the gastronomic machine. Whatever else the Premiers report when they return home, they will have to admit that never before have they been treated so well—or so often.

Undoubtedly food is one of the greater British institutions. It is one of the subtleties of life. If you have business with a man, take him out and feed him. If you wish to make love to a woman, even to your own wife, take her out and feed her. If you wish to keep friends, take them out and feed them. If you have an enemy, don't fight him—feed him. Food loosens the tongue. It warms the heart. It draws confidences. It stimulates *les ententes cordiales*. There is nothing in the world like a little dinner for the revelation of character, for the mirroring of a man's strength or his weakness. And so the dinner as a British institution prospers both as a wile and a pleasure, as a delusion and a snare. We dine a man when we love him. We dine him when we don't. We can get subscriptions at a dinner we should never get without one. We hear praises spoken over the walnuts and the wines which would never be uttered over the counter or the desk. All the new stories and all the old ones begin with the soup and end with the coffee. And all the morning headaches and all the morning liver—but that is another story.

Talking of the joyous life, we note that 15,000 vine growers assembled at Capestang, near Beziers, the other day to protest against the fraudulent imitation of French claret. One of the speakers declared that most of the claret sold in the public-houses and restaurants in London was a chemical mixture largely composed of lime and alkalines. It is an old story and, for many reasons, it is a pity that the Government inspectors do not take samples of this beverage and institute prosecutions wherever they may be necessary. The inspectors are keen on detecting whisky adulteration, though even here they might be keener; but the cheaper wines—and sound claret ought to be a cheap wine even in this country—are shamefully sophisticated without an effort being made to check the evil. It should not be sufficient, for instance, to label a bottle "St. Julien." The date and place of bottling, as well as the place of origin, should be disclosed, and no unsealed bottle should be allowed to be supplied in any restaurant. This is surely a simple precaution, but it would go a long way to stop the sale of chemically-manufactured "wines."

There is a good deal to be said for the method of Judge McKenzie Cleland, of Chicago, in dealing with bad husbands. He diets them. When a man brought before him is charged with wife beating, he orders vegetables, nuts, cereals—and no meat. A husband whose wife complains that the quarrelling is due to his cold feet, is put on buckwheat cakes, sausage, and fried potatoes. The remedy for staying out is canvas-back duck, terrapin, ice cream, and chocolate eclairs. Mush, milk, candy, marmalade, tit-bits, and taffy are prescribed for inebriety, and pigs' knuckles, sauerkraut, tripe, and stale bread for bad temper. A husband who complains of being henpecked is ordered a diet of raw beef sandwiches, beans, carrots, and mutton chops, while the one who flirts gets sentenced to—onions. We commend these novel notions to English magistrates and Commissioners of prisons. No doubt half the trouble in this world comes from improper feeding. The liver is the life, and the life is the stomach.

Here's a nasty bit of reading for the total abstainers. Dr. Josiah Oldfield, M.A., B.C.L., L.R.C.P., Senior Physician to the Lady Margaret Hospital, Bromley, says:—

> "I look upon the liquor of grains as one of the most important causes of the stamina of the English people—that is to say, the beer of old England. To my mind, it is not the alcohol in the beer, but it is the salts which are obtained from the barley wherein lies the merits of the beverage. There are two things which may be considered very valuable in promoting the growth of the English race—one has been the beer, and the other the old English dish of 'frumenty,' made of barley corn."

As Lord Robert Cecil's Infant Mortality Bill is practically a non-contentious measure, we trust its passage through the Commons this session will be facilitated by the Government in every way possible. Only a few weeks ago we emphasised the fact of the excessively high mortality among infants in this country; and when Lord Robert Cecil told the House on the first reading that 120,000 children died during the first year of life annually, he was but repeating statistics which are common knowledge to us all. The Bill provides for the notification to the Medical Officer of Health of the birth of every child within forty-eight hours after it is born. If this were done, he could take such steps as he considered suitable for the preservation of child life where it seemed to be in danger. Thus thousands of lives would be preserved to the community every year. This is not only a consummation devoutly to be wished, but it is one which all parties can make possible, and we hope both sides of the House will hurry the Bill forward as quickly as may be.

We appeal to any burglars we may have among our readers to cross the Roman Catholic Church in Larkhall Lane, Clapham, off their list. The church was only burgled recently, and the rector has now signed and affixed a notice in the edifice to save them trouble. "On my honour," it says, "the poor boxes in this church are cleared after every service. Do not therefore attempt a useless crime." It is, of course, ridiculous for Mr. Sikes to waste his time in a church when there is nothing to get for his trouble. He cannot burgle the organ, for it is too heavy, and he has no chance with the plate, because it isn't there. Besides there is a policeman somewhere about, and burglars never know their luck. Moreover, the desire to burgle a poor box in a church argues a lack of enterprise and self-confidence and initiative. Without these a burglar cannot expect to be successful—he may as well retire from the business and try something honest.

A great deal of fun has been made of Mr. Balfour's recent misquotation from Scripture. Gentlemen, however, who pose as censors in these matters should make sure of their own ground. For instance, Mr. McDonald Rendle, a regular contributor to our contemporary *London Opinion*, flounders even more deeply than the right hon. gentleman when he tells, apropos the "Judgment of Solomon," that "the two fond mothers

promptly objected to the baby's eyes going to the right and the nose to the left"—whereas the fact, or, at any rate, the alleged fact, is that one of the "fond mothers" was quite willing to permit this remarkable surgical operation, observing, "Let it be neither mine nor thine, but divide it." There is evidently still much need for "simple Bible teaching" in journalistic circles.

It would have been more to our liking if the *Correspondencia de Espana* had given the name of the "well-informed Spanish diplomat" who has disclosed to its representative the secrets of the meeting between King Edward and King Alphonso at Carthagena. Undoubtedly it usually happens that a treaty or a national understanding follows the King's meetings with the heads of foreign States. British Governments without distinction of party recognise in King Edward our most tactful and successful diplomatist. In form, the meeting between himself and King Alphonso was a private one; in fact, it was no doubt arranged by the British Government on the one hand and the Spanish Government on the other. Whether the result is what it is stated by "the well-informed Spanish diplomat" to be, we do not pretend to know; but if, as is alleged, it has been the basis of a naval agreement involving an understanding in the Mediterranean, particularly in regard to the Straits of Gibraltar, and the provision of naval bases for British ships in Spanish ports, it will represent another triumph for King Edward. An agreement of the kind would not be a menace. It would be a protection, strengthening our position in Europe and that of Spain as well. For the moment, however, the "well-informed Spanish diplomat" cannot be accepted at anything more than his value as an intelligent anticipator of the wish which is father to the thought.

One of the greatest inventions of this age is about to be given to the world. Shaving, as Dickens said of Parliament, is one of the veriest nuisances that ever bothered a much-bothered world. The only justification for any man having whiskers is that they save time, money, and temper. This is not why Adam grew whiskers, it is true, but it is the reason why Mr. W. T. Stead grows them, as he once explained. Adam had not a razor, and in his day there were no barbers. In our day we have all the resources of Sheffield at our disposal, and the streets are lined with the shops of persons who shave you while you wait. Now, shaving is not only to be made quick and easy, but razorless. You will arise of a morning, or depart to your dressing-room of an evening, daub a certain patent paste over your frontispiece, scrape it off again with a paper knife, a teaspoon, the edge of a saucer, or the handle of your tooth-brush, and in a twinkling you will emerge a clean man. With this paste you can shave in the dark, in an express train, or even while you go for a walk. This is not an exaggeration. The paste was tried in the presence of many spectators at the Cannon Street Hotel the other day, and whiskers and moustaches fell "like autumnal leaves which strew the brooks in Vallombrosa." We understand that a penn'orth of this stuff will make a French poodle as hairless as a bladder of lard. What says the *Lancet*?

That Flying Machine Exhibition at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, was very much of a fizzle, so far as the practical value of the exhibits was concerned. Not one of the models flew, in the proper sense of the word, but there was not one inventor on the premises who could not talk. If talking would have provided lifting power and carrying power, there was not a machine in the place which would not have flown through the roof and got lost in the azure blue. As it was, the only flyer was the invention of a captain bearing the rare but honoured name of Jones, and even that one would have dropped and broken up on the floor if it had not been fastened to the roof by a string. The notion of having a flying machine suspended from a string is certainly novel, and should win the *Daily Mail* prize "hands down." You would simply take it out of its shed in the back garden, fasten it to the moon, or a star, or a handy planet, or a passing comet, turn on the motor, and in a few minutes you would be travelling through space. The pleasure of dodging and banging up against lumps of the universe would be delightful, especially on fine evenings and Sunday afternoons; at all events, it would be to those who delight in cultivating high society. Personally, we like our terra firmer.

A morning paper tells the touching story of a dog. "Fluff" was its name, and it was a dark brown collie. The owner and the dog alighted from a South Kensington Metropolitan District train at 3.40 in the afternoon. But just before the train started again the dog re-entered the carriage, and was carried to Gloucester Road Station, where it again alighted. Then it dashed back into the tunnel towards South Kensington—dash it!—and nothing was heard of it until eight and a half hours later, when the headlines take up the blood-curdling story; to wit, "Dog run over by 250 trains. Found alive after eight-and-a-half hours in the Tunnel of the District Railway." Indeed, not only was the dog alive, but it was found "lying exhausted, but uninjured, within a few inches of the live rail." What we want to know now is whether anybody else has been found lying about the tunnel.

Here is a little parable:—

HAPPY ENGLAND.

The virtuous of the land said: "Let no woman serve behind a bar." And it was so.

And then they said: "Let no youth serve there." And it was so.

And then they said: "Why should any man do this degrading and demoralising work? Let bar-men be abolished." And it was so.

Then the British workman drew his own beer as he wanted it, and was filled with great happiness and malt liquor.

John Bull's Biscuits.

AWARD No. 258.

For rewarding a porter—who had risked his life by crawling underneath a railway carriage and rescued her pet dog, which had severely bitten his hand—with a threepenny bit,

A LADY FIRST-CLASS PASSENGER
AT PRESTON STATION
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 259.

For describing the defendant in a recent action as "a gentleman," because "he came to the town, took a big house, and went away without paying his creditors,"

A PLAINTIFF AT THE LYMINGTON COURT
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 260.

For stating in the House of Commons that "when races take place at Alexandra Park travelling on the Great Northern line between King's Cross and Wood Green is absolutely unsafe for the respectable public, owing to the number of scoundrels who attend the races,"

MR. LEA, M.P.
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 261.

For having his full name painted on the L.C.C. trams,

AUBREY LLEWELLYN COVENTRY FELL
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 262.

For stating that "if a foreign army was landed on these shores to-night, a million bayonets would gleam in the sun to-morrow morning,"

MR. WARD, M.P.
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

MR. DOOLEY ON WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

By F. P. DUNNE.

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(Continued from April 27th, page 403.)

"'What does, thin,' says she. 'Well,' says I, 'enough iv ye at wan time wantin' it enough. How many ladies ar-re there in ye're Woman's Rights Club?' 'Twinty,' says she. 'Make it three hundred,' says I, 'an' ye'll be on ye'er way. Ye'er mother doesn't want it, does she? No, nor ye'er sister Katie? No, nor ye'er cousin, nor ye'er aunt? All that iliction day means to thim is th' old man goin' off in th' mornin' with a light step an' fire in his eye, an' comin' home too late at night with a dent in his hat, newsboys hollerin' exthries with th' news that firty-four votes had been cast in th' third precint in th' sivinth ward at 8 o'clock, an' Packy an' Aloysius stealin' bar'ls fr'm th' grocery-man f'r th' bone-fire. If they iver join ye an' make up their minds to vote, they'll vote. Ye bet they will.'

"'Ye see, 'twas this way votin' come about. In th' beginnin' on'y th' king had a vote, an' ivrybody else was a Chinyman or an Indyan. Th' king clapped his crown on his head an' wint down to th' polls, marked a cross at th' head iv th' column where his name was, an' wint out to cheer th' returns. Thin th' Jooks got sthrong, an' says they: "Votin' seems a healthy exercise an' w'd like to thry it. Give us th' franchise or we'll do things to ye." An' they got it. Thin it wint down through th' earls an' th' markises, an' th' rest iv th' Dooley fam'ly, till fin'lly all that was left iv it was flung to th' ign'rant masses like Hinnissy, because they made a lot iv noise an' threatened to set fire to th' barns.'

"'An' there ye ar-re. Ye'll niver get it be askin' th' polis f'r it. No wan iver got his rights fr'm a polisman, an' be th' same token, there ar-re no rights worth havin' that a polisman can keep ye fr'm gettin'. Th' ladies iv London ar-re followin' the right coorse, on'y there ain't enough iv thim. If there were forty thousand iv thim ar-rmed with hat pins an' prepared to plunge th' same into th' stomachs iv th' inimies iv female suffrage, an' if, instead iv faintin' in th' ar-rms iv th' constablry, they charged an' punctured thim an' broke their way into th' House iv Commons, an' pulled the wig off the speaker, an' knocked th' hat over th' eyes iv Sir Camel Bannerman, it wuddn't be long befure some mimber wud talk in his sleep in their favor. Ye bet! If ye-er suffrage club was composed iv a hundhred thousand sturdy ladies ar-rmed with rollin' pins, brooms, mops, potato mashers, stove lifters, an' th' other weepins that nature has provided th' sect with to defind thimsilves again tyranny in th' home, it wudden't be long befure Bill 'Brien wud be sindin' ye a box iv chocolate creams f'r ye'er vote.'

"'Someday ye may get a vote, but befure ye do I'll r-read this in th' pa-apers: "A hundred thousand armed an' detarmined wimen invaded th' capital city to-day demandin' th' right to vote. They chased th' polis acrost th' Pottymac, mobbed a newspaper that was again th' bill, an' tarred an' feathered Sinitor Glue, th' leader iv th' opposition. At 10 o'clock a rumor spread that th' President wud veto th' bill, an' instantly a huge crowd iv excited females gathered in front of the White House, hurlin' rocks an' cryin' 'Lynch him!' Th' tumult was on'y quelled whin th' Prisident's wife appeared on th' balcony an' made a brief speech. She said she was a mimber iv th' local suffrage club, an' she felt safe in assuring her sisters that th' bill wud be signed. If nicissry, she wud sign it hersilf. (Cheers.) Th' Prisident was a little onruly, but he was frequently that way. Th' married ladies in th' aujeence wud undherstand. He meant nawthin'. It was on'y wan iv his tantrums. A little moral suasion wud bring him around all right. At prisint th' Chief Magistrate was in th' kitchen with his daughter settin' on his head.

"'"Th' speech was rayceived with loud cheers, an' th' mob proceeded down Pinnsylvania Avnoo. Be noon all enthrances to th' capital were jammed. Congressmen attimptin' to enter were seized by th' hair iv th' head an' made to sign a pa-aper promisin' to vote right. Immejately afther th' prayer th' Hon'rable Gussie Gumdhrop iv Matsachoosetts offered th' suffrage bill f'r passage. 'Th' motion is out iv ordher,' began th' Speaker.. At this minyit a lady standin' behind th' chair dhrove a darning needle through his coat tails. 'But,' continued th' Speaker, reachin' behind him with an agnized expression, 'I will let it go annyhow.' 'Mr. Speaker, I protest,' began th' Hon'rable Attila Sthrong, 'I protest——' At this a perfeck tornado iv rage broke out in th' gall'ries. Inkwells, bricks, combs, shoes, smellin' bottles, hand mirrors, fans, an' powdher puffs were hurled at th' onforchnit mimber. In the midst iv th' confusion th' wife iv Congressman Sthrong cud be seen wavin' a par'sol over her head an' callin' out: 'I dare ye to come home to-night, palthroon.'

"'"Whin th' noise partially subsided, th' bold Congressman, his face livid with emotion, was heard to remark with a sob: 'I was on'y about to say I second th' motion, deary.' Th' bill was carried without a dissintin' voice, an' rushed over to th' Sinit. There it was opposed be Sinitor Tillman, but after a brief dialogue with th' leader iv th' suffrageites, he swooned away. Th' Sinit fin'lly insthructed th' clerk to cast th' unanimous vote f'r th' measure. To-night, in th' prisince iv a vast multichood th' Prisident was led out be his wife armed with a flat-iron. He was supported, or rather pushed, be two iv his burly daughters. He seemed much confused, an' his wife had to point out with th' flat-iron th' place where he was to sign. With tremblin' fingers he affixed his signature, an' was led back.

"'"Th' night passed quietly, although a slight disturbance was caused be th' Missionary dillygation demandin' to vote at wanst. Th' sthreets were crowded all avenin' with good-natured throngs iv ladies, an' in front iv th' dry goods stores, which were illuminated f'r th' occasion, it was almost impossible to get through. Iv course there were th' usual riochous scenes in th' dhrug stores, where th' bibulous gathered at th' sody wather counthers an' cillybrated th' victhry in lemon, vanilla, an' choc'late, some iv thim keepin' it up till nine o'clock, or even later."

"'Whin that comes about, me child,' says I, 'ye may sheathe ye'er hat pins in ye'er millinary, f'r ye'll have as much right to vote as th' most ignorant man in th' ward. But don't ask f'r rights. Take thim. An' don't let annyone give thim to ye. A right that is handed to ye f'r nawthin' has somethin' th' matther with it. It's more than likely it's on'y a wrong turned inside out,' says I. 'I didn't fight f'r th' rights I'm told I enjye, though to tell ye th' truth I enjye me wrongs more; but some wan did. Some time some fellow was prepared to lay down his life, or, betther still, th' other fellow's, f'r th' right to vote.'"

"I believe ye're in favour iv it ye'ersilf," said Mr. Hennessy.

"Faith," said Mr. Dooley, "I'm not wan way or th' other. I don't care. What diff'rence does it make? I wudden't mind at all havin' a little soap an' wather, a broom an' a dusther applied to pollyticks. It wudden't do anny gr-reat harm if a man cudden't be ilicted to office onless he kept his hair combed, an' blacked his boots an' shaved his chin wanst a month. Annyhow, as Hogan says, I care not who casts th' votes iv me counthry so long as we can hold th' offices. An' there's on'y wan way to keep the women out iv office, an' that's to give thim a vote."

SOMETHING NEW.—Many people residing far from centres experience difficulty in raising a few pounds ready cash. THOMSON BROS., Pawnbrokers, established over 100 years, lend sums, small and large, against Jewellery, etc., sent them by post. Low interest charged (2s. 6d. per month for £10). Cash by return. Carriage paid both ways. London addresses: 158, High Street, Borough; 200, The Grove, Stratford; 8, Roman Road, Barnsbury. Bankers, London and County. Please quote this paper.

IN THE CITY.

THE IMPERIAL TOBACCO TRUST.

A correspondent sends us a copy of the Trust's new bonus agreement, which will come into force on October 1, and he comments upon this agreement as below. We invite the opinions of other manufacturers on the matter.

"This agreement is intended (as the enclosed circular-letter states) to place all customers on an even footing, and while this opportunity presents itself, the Combine (without making any very apparent material alteration in the terms of the Agreement) re-arranges the contract and inserts a clause or two which places the Combine in a better position, notably, that a "Receiving order or suspension of payment, etc., etc., will forfeit all claim to bonus, both accrued and accruing." This clause might easily be passed over by a number of their customers, but let us endeavour to examine its meaning. The forfeiting of all claims to the accruing bonus is bad enough; but take an instance of the accrued bonus.

"The customer has earned a bonus up to April 30, which bonus is not payable until the following January—some nine months later. During this nine months' interval, misfortune comes to the customer, and, according to the agreement, he forfeits all claim to the accrued bonus, notwithstanding that he, in all other respects, has complied with the terms of the agreement by having paid for the goods purchased.

"Much is made of the intention to give six months' notice to terminate the agreement; but with the above example this supposed concession loses much of its value. However, the late move, to my mind, is a clear and unmistakable sign of the Combine's intention to continue the bonus indefinitely; in other words, every possible means is being taken to still further freeze out the "independent" manufacturers.

"Seeing that the Combine has already a monopoly of more than one branch of the tobacco trade of the country, the latest move, in my opinion, is a flat contradiction of their motto of 'Live and Let Live,' referred to in your article of the 16th ult. Surely there is some sense of justice left in this country. Keen and healthy competition is desirable, but when some £18,000,000 of capital is used for the express purpose of throttling every manufacturer outside of the Trust, it is time that serious notice be taken of such action by the Press of this country.

"Without giving names, I can furnish you with an example of what is going on in the tobacco trade. A certain company with an extensive business discovers that a comparatively small manufacturer in a particular district is establishing a fairly lucrative local business. This small manufacturer, in popularising his brands, offers some small inducement in the way of prizes. The large manufacturer, although having the lion's share of the trade generally, threatens to go one better by offering larger prizes, etc., unless the practice complained of be immediately discontinued. Fortunately, the smaller manufacturer's trade is so well established in the district that the threat can be ignored. Still the action denotes the policy that is being adopted."

TOBACCO TRADE COUNCIL.

(From a Correspondent.)

It was a false alarm of war that was blared by two London papers when they announced that the object of the newly-formed Tobacco Trade Council was to fight the Trust. As the veteran Thomas Gallaher, the chairman of the Council, announced, they desire to fight nobody, but to bring the scattered elements of the tobacco trade into one harmonious whole, and to benefit everybody, from the richest manufacturer down to the humblest dealer. Individual members of, and deputations from the tobacco trade have waited upon Chancellors of the Exchequer to pow-wow about duties, and have come empty away because, as the officials pointed out, they represented no consolidated body.

The killing of the Tobacco Trust is not aimed at. On the contrary, the Council hopes that later on the Imperial Tobacco Company will co-operate with the Council. Tobacco dealers appear to have here a very excellent chance to better their trade conditions. They can do so by enrolling themselves and making the alliance as strong as possible. The smallest of the trader chickens may get under the wing of the Council hen-mother for protection, and if it does not it may reflect later on, when it is under the operation, that the Trust serpent, like the reptile of natural history, beslavers its victims before it swallows them. The Tobacco Trust boasts of many millions sterling; but against these millions the combined traders of the country can successfully fight, if fight is meant. The opportunity has come. Will the traders avail themselves of it and make up the fat faggot that cannot be broken, instead of remaining the individual sticks that may easily be snapped between the finger and thumb of any Trust?

THE SALVATION ARMY ASSURANCE COMPANY.

We have heard nothing from "Major" Trounce in explanation of his denial that the Salvation Army management approves the action of its agents in trying to filch business from other companies. We have proved Mr. Trounce's statement on the subject to be a false statement. We clinch the proof in the next column.

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Telegraphic Address, "Stockwork," London.

An ex-agent of the Salvation Army Assurance Company writes to us as follows:—

"I have followed with great interest the correspondence which has appeared in your valuable paper relating to the transference of business by Salvation Army Assurance agents from other companies to their own, and whether the officials of the S.A.A. do or do not encourage their agents to transfer business. Of course, they do. Perhaps it is not generally known that when full or half benefit is applied for (which benefit is only given in the case of a transfer), it is the assistant-superintendent's duty to visit the case referred to, in order to ascertain if it is entitled to benefit, which he does by inspecting the premium receipt book of the company the business is transferred from. Do not the foregoing facts prove that the transferring of business is condoned by the officials of the S.A.A.?"

Of course they do. But that no loophole for doubt may remain in the minds of those not connected with the Insurance World who are naturally unwilling to believe that a high official of the Salvation Army, the mouthpiece in this matter, of those who control it, is capable of deliberate deceit, a correspondent has been good enough to send us a Salvation Army policy which was issued on September 10th, 1906, but which for the purposes of benefit is "deemed to have been issued on the 4th day of December, 1905." We quote the exact words:—

"It has been agreed that this policy shall for the purposes of conditions 8, 9, and 10 endorsed hereon, and of conditions 4, 5, and 6 of the schedule hereto, be deemed to have been issued on the 4th day of December, 1905, instead of on the day of the date hereof."

The assured previously held a policy in the Hearts of Oak Company issued December 4th, 1905. Commenting on the terms of this policy our correspondent writes:—

"What I wish to point out is that the S.A. specially print their policies for transferring purposes, and I can honestly say, after having had over ten years' experience with different offices, I have never seen another company or society issue a policy with a 'deemed to have been issued' paragraph on.

"This policy will, I think, settle the controversy as to whether the Salvation Army Assurance Company encourage transferring or not."

We think so too, and it proves it in a way highly discreditable to Mr. Trounce and his official superiors. Candour is at a sad discount at the Headquarters of the Salvation Army.

LONDON AND NEW YORK EXCHANGE.

A Devonshire correspondent directs our attention to a circular sent out in February, 1906, by Mr. F. E. Street, Receiver in the London and New York Exchange Liquidation. In this circular—issued, by the way, under the authorisation to Mr. Justice Kekewich—to all subscribers to let them know how things then stood, the following statements were made.

1.—The total amount paid by subscribers, so far as I can ascertain, was £103,113 7s. 11d.

2.—The Exchange paid back by way of pretended dividends £23,064 0s. 11d.

3.—The total amount secured as the result of the motions by the plaintiffs in the consolidated actions is £14,342 8s. 11d.

4.—From this amount will have to be deducted such costs of realisation and law costs as his lordship may see fit to allow, and also probably such sums as any subscribers are able to earmark as their moneys, and only the balance, or such part of it (if any), as the judge may decide ought to be so distributed, can be distributed among the subscribers.

5.—Before any distribution can take place certain accounts and inquiries will be necessary, in order to ascertain what moneys can be earmarked, and what repayments have been made to subscribers, and other matters.

6.—Before such accounts can be directed the consolidated actions will have to be tried. But notice of trial has been given, and the trial will, it is hoped, take place this sittings.

The circular, as we have said, was sent out more than 14 months ago, and our Devonshire correspondent thinks that it is about time that some of the £14,342 8s. 11d. mentioned by Mr. Street got back into the pockets of subscribers.

"£14,342, surely," he writes, "is not going to be swallowed up in realisation. If so, one fraud is as good as another, and yet the International Syndicate game is boomed in scores of papers to-day."

Quite true, and pity 'tis 'tis true, but there it is, and there is not the slightest likelihood of the system under which these endless liquidations are possible being reformed.

PEARKS', LIMITED.

In reference to a recent change in the management of Pearks', Limited, of which mention was made in our issue of April 6th, we learn that Mr. W. H. Leash, who has been identified for many years with the business as a director, has been unanimously appointed managing director. Mr. Leash's wide experience and well-known business capabilities entitle us to anticipate that the new management will be of a thoroughly vigorous and progressive character.

A SUCCESSFUL RHODESIAN?

GLOBE AND PHŒNIX.

The Globe and Phœnix report at first glance looks well—one begins to think that at last Rhodesia has actually produced a successful mine! Four dividends of one shilling, and a carry forward at the end of the year of £55,331 is stupendous! The Globe mine has, however, given cause for uneasiness for some time past, and Dr. Corstophine was many months ago called in to report upon it. The directors admit that his verdict is unfavourable;

but for some extraordinary reason the text of his statement—secured by the expenditure of a large amount of the shareholders money—is not published, although this would have been far more useful in enabling those interested to form an accurate view of the value of their property than the voluminous records and costly maps with which the annual report is embellished. Developments at depth are now disclosing only poor values, while the ore reserves at the end of December last were estimated at 98,733 tons, averaging 11 dwts. per ton or 3 dwts. less than at the corresponding period. The mine is thus just one year ahead of the battery, and may quickly be in *extremis*.

THE ZINC CORPORATION.

The *Sydney Bulletin*, which many months ago corrected some remarkable exaggerations of the *Financial Times*, made just prior to the boom, has not altered its view of the outlook for the Zinc Corporation. In the issue just to hand we read:—

"It looks as though the Zinc Corporation can't see profits in the Potter process, which it has been trying on the British; for the two pans are now being used as granulation vats—an awful indignity to put upon them—and the Cattermole (or Ballot) process is being given a show. Considering the tremendous boom with which it arrived, the Zinc Corporation is about the coldest frost Broken Hill has struck up to date.

NEW ISSUE.

The Beaufort Borneo Rubber Company, Ltd., has been formed with a share capital of £100,000, divided into 25,000 ordinary shares of £1 each, and 75,000 guaranteed shares of like denomination for the purpose of acquiring from the Chartered Company of Borneo a concession of 8,000 acres of land in British North Borneo for the purpose of planting and cultivating Para rubber thereon. The company has as its sponsor the Chartered Company of Borneo, which undertakes not to charge any export duty on rubber produced on this land for fifty years. The company also undertakes that during the six years from the date of the first general allotment it will guarantee the payment of £5 per cent. per annum on the amount from time to time paid up in respect of the guaranteed shares, so that the shareholders in the company holding these shares are assured of 5 per cent. interest during the estimated non-productive period of the estate. The property has been reported upon by Mr. Anderson (the general manager in Borneo of the Tenom North Borneo Rubber Company, Ltd.), and he speaks very highly of its suitability for rubber cultivation. "I consider the estate," he writes, "is admirably suited in every respect for the cultivation of Para rubber." If this report is to be relied upon the company should do well. It is not highly capitalised, the price paid for the concession—£20,000 with £2,000 fully-paid guaranteed shares—is not high, as prices go, and the guarantee of the Chartered Company of 5 per cent. up to the time when the trees will begin to be productive, gets over the leading difficulty for investors in these rubber companies—namely, the time they have to wait before they can get any dividends upon their shares. It may be added that Mr. W. C. Cowie (the managing director of the British North Borneo Company) is upon the board, and his presence upon it is a sufficient guarantee that the management of the company will be sound.

The John Bull Investment Trust and Agency, Ltd.

Governing Director—HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P.

The Company is prepared to undertake every description of bona-fide investment business. It does not, however, undertake any "Options," "Margins," or other "Bucket Shop" description of business.

Deposits of £10 and upwards received as under—

Subject to 1 month's notice of withdrawal, 5 % per annum.

" 3 " " " 6 " " "

" 6 " " " 7 " " "

All communications to be addressed to—

THE SECRETARY, 4, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS.

INSURANCE OF LIFE.—ENGINEER (Birmingham).—If you will tell us what kind of insurance you wish to effect, and for how much, we will advise you.

A CONSTANT READER (Highbury).—The Commercial Union is a first-class company, but we will make inquiries and see whether any other company is more suitable for the particular policy you want.

NEWSPAPER SHARES.—K. L. (Exeter).—We should not increase your holding.

GREAT COBARS.—H. L. (Chislehurst).—Not at their present price.

LE ROI NO 2.—D. J. S. (Brighton).—No.

WOOL SPECULATION.—D. T. (Tring).—We cannot advise you to deal with the people you name.

STABILITY OF "BANK."—ANXIOUS (New Wandsworth).—Have nothing to do with this concern.

DISPOSAL OF £1,000.—G. J. M. (Newport).—It seems to us that your idea of paying off the £650 mortgage, insuring your life, and devoting the remainder of the money to developing your connection, is about the best course you can take.

GRAND TRUNK FOUR PER CENT. GUARANTEE STOCK.—PETER PAN (Bridlington).—This stock is, of course, perfectly safe, and considerable variations in price are not to be looked for.

BRITISH EQUITABLE BOND AND MORTGAGE CORPORATION.—B. S. (Southport).—We quite agree, and hope to be able to deal with the matter within the next week or two.

SURRENDER OF POLICY.—H. H. C. (Kensington).—The offer of the Prudential does not seem very generous, but no doubt they are going by their rules, and you must bear in mind that their offering you anything is a matter of grace. We will see if we can get you a better offer.

IMPERIAL TOBACCO TRUST.—H. E. (Gospel Oak).—We shall be much obliged if you can send us the information you mention.

TWO COMPANIES.—C. F. (Blackheath).—Our information as to both is bad.

CHARTER EXPLORATION COMPANY.—F. C. R.—We think not.

PROVIDENT ASSOCIATION OF LONDON.—A. C. Shoreditch (Wembly).—Can you send us any letter or circular in which the Association use the words you quote, and instance of their failure to respect the undertaking? L. L. has a bond of this association for £400, upon which he has paid £32 18s. 8d. and is willing to sell for £20. If any one would like to buy we will put him in communication with our correspondent.

BRITISH EQUITABLE BOND COMPANY.—B. S. (Southport).—We are obliged to you for your letter, with its enclosure, which shall have our attention next week.

THE LONDON AND MANCHESTER INDUSTRIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY.—MORLAND (London).—Yes, quite genuine.

ELECTRICITY SHARES.—R. H. H. (Whitchurch).—We know of no sufficient reason for selling.

INSURANCE POLICIES.—H. H. F. (Rotherham).—All the policies require to be read very carefully. For the rest we are making a comparison, and will let you know the result.

TIN SHARES.—J. O'C. (Hampstead).—We regret we can be of no service to you in the matter of the French company. There is no market for the other shares.

ASSESSMENT OF INCOME.—LEXNATURE (London).—Under the circumstances we should return the income at £300 and claim the abatement. Leave it to the Government people to raise the point if they choose to do so.

COOPER, COOPER AND JOHNSON.—A. B. F. (Ilford).—Certainly not. The history of the company has, to say the least, been unfortunate.

OUTSIDE BROKERS.—F. D. D. (Salisbury).—Have nothing to do with "bi-Marginal" investments.

LINOTYPE PREF.—C. T. (Stratford).—We cannot recommend you to buy these shares even at their present price. The position of the company is anything but satisfactory.

GREAT FINGALLS.—SUPPORTER (Blackpool).—(1) We do not recommend the purchase. (2) We thank you for your kindly references to JOHN BULL.

NUTRIOLA COMPANY.—J. P. (Manchester).—Have nothing to do with this quack concern.

MEXICAN MINE DRAINING COMPANY.—E. J. R. (Clapham).—We note you were induced by an advertisement in the *Exchange and Mart* to buy shares at 2s. 6d. each in the Mexican Mine Draining Company, which you now find cannot be sold for more than 6d. or 8d. Well, we cannot help you, except with the advice to sell for the 6d. or 8d., and be grateful for getting even that.

TWENTY-GUINEA COMBINATION.—S. J. M. (Kingston-on-Thames).—Have nothing to do with this or any similar combination, which is only another word for getting money out of the pockets of the stranger.

NATIONAL DEPOSIT FRIENDLY SOCIETY.—A. S. (York).—We see no reason why you should not do so.

OLD AGE PENSION TRUST.—L. H. (Blackheath).—We have your further letter on this subject and note your high opinion of Mr. Taverner. The judge who dealt with the matter took a different view of that person's claims to regard.

SPANISH TIN COMPANY.—ZERO (Longeaton).—We advise you to take up your shares. The registration fee is only 2s. 6d.

NEW ISSUE.—S. R. R. (Holland).—We do not strongly recommend it.

CALLS ON SHARES.—ANXIOUS (Aberdare).—You are bound to pay up the full face value. The reason the De Dion Bouton shares are quoted at a discount is presumably because there are more sellers than buyers.

COTTON OPTIONS.—We have already advised our readers to have nothing to do with Messrs. Barclay and Co., 4, Featherstone Buildings, E.C.

SPIERS AND POND PREFERENCE.—H. B. B. (Highgate).—We know of nothing to warrant the conclusion that the position of the company has improved since our comments to which you allude. You made a bad purchase last year. It may be as well, as you suggest, to wait "until the result of the investigations are known," but we do not think so. If you sell now and so cut your loss you will, in our judgment, have a smaller loss to cut than if you hold on. We certainly do not think you would get more than the price you name, and we are even more certain that this price is much above intrinsic value.

CATHOLICS AND INSURANCE COMPANIES.—F. B. (South Kensington).—We cannot give you the information you want. We have no means of ascertaining the religious belief of the various directors of insurance companies.

PATRIOTIC INVESTMENT CORPORATION.—PILOT (Dysart).—We should not continue the payments.

EDINBURGH AND DISTRICT MOTOR OMNIBUS COMPANY, LTD.—A. K. (Edinburgh).—The circular you send us does not disclose any sufficient reason why Mr. Henry F. Nicholson should take the place of Mr. H. S. Schultoss-Young. There is nothing to prevent shareholders acting upon Mr. Nicholson's invitation, and sending him 3d. for every share they hold for the purpose of "forming a combination to get their money back" if they choose to do so, but we cannot think they would be well advised if they did so.

THE LIBERIAN BUFFER COMPANY.—H. H. F. (Ealing).—The officials continue to speak hopefully, but the company is much too heavily capitalised.

THE WEST SUBURBAN GAS LIGHT AND COKE COMPANY, LTD.—F. C. F. (Drayton Park).—Surely it is unreasonable to ask us to "write the liquidator asking him when the arbitration is likely to take place, and if there is likely to be any money left for the shareholders." These are very proper questions for you, as a shareholder, to put to the liquidator, and we have no doubt Mr. Edwards will consider them so. But why ask JOHN BULL to address him on your behalf? We are glad at all times to give any information to our readers, but we cannot undertake to do their correspondence for them. We return the papers.

SONS OF GWALIA.—E. W. (Derby).—They would be a very speculative purchase. The report gives particulars as to development work that are anything but encouraging. You will note that their gross receipts fell from £271,716 in 1905 to £239,357 in 1906. Expenses and taxes rose in the same period from £151,094 to £158,208, and net profit fell from £105,608 to £74,030.

JAMES NELSON AND SONS, LTD.—SHAREHOLDER (Liverpool).—These fluctuations are inevitable, having regard to the character of the trade done. The profits for 1906 were only £65,525, as compared with £107,636 in 1905, the explanation being found in the abnormally high cost of stock due to the drought in Argentina. No doubt, too, the Chicago disclosures had a passing and prejudicial effect. The present outlook is more promising. At the current quotation, and on the basis of the last dividend, the ordinary shares yield nearly 9½ per cent.

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2½ per cent. on Daily Current Account Balances.
4 per cent. to 6 per cent. on Deposits.
5 per cent. on Thrift Accounts (up to £10).
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22, NEW BRIDGE STREET, LUDGATE CIRCUS, LONDON, E.C.,
And at Brighton, Birmingham, Croydon & Norwich.

SHYLOCK FROM A JEWISH STANDPOINT.

By M. L. R. Breslar.

For six centuries, broadly speaking, from the ninth until the fifteenth, Venice sat the proud, the imperious, and the indisputable mistress of the great water-ways of the world. She sat at the gate of custom and took toll of commerce. To her ports and cities flowed the costliest fabrics, the rarest gems, and the choicest products of art and handicraft from every corner of the habitable globe. To her maritime bosom, the "Queen of the Adriatic" drew all the rich argosies of the Orient, the carpets and tapestries of Persia, the gold-work and enamels of Benares, the pottery and glass of Arabia. And corresponding with her own stupendous rise, came that subtle and powerful movement called the Crusades, whereby the coffers of the Venetian Republic were filled with treasures drawn from Eastern races. In that great movement Venice bore the brunt; built navies and raised armies for it, and thus derived a big share of its revenues. Perhaps the summit of her prosperity was reached in the thirteenth century, when Marco Polo returned to his native city loaded with the silks and spices of the Indies to narrate marvellous tales of Oriental profusion and luxury. Those stories fired the hearts of her merchants, who despatched fleets to garner in the spoils and harvests of those distant countries. Wherefore, the integrity of the State in meeting public and private engagements, and in maintaining intact the freedom of contract, and the right of bargaining between her own merchants and foreigners, and between her own citizens, Jew and Gentile, alike had to be kept inviolable.

The Philosophy of Art.

Before discussing the essential problem of the play itself, let us turn our attention to the philosophy of art in general. Primarily the function of art is to appeal to the senses—to gratify, to delight, and to banish the cobwebs of care from the spectator by every legitimate means available, always seeking to hold firmly by the best. Art may delight by degrading as well as by elevating. Great artists strive to elevate, to drive home spiritual truths. Where some high principle has been temporarily "check-mated," say, for instance, "freedom of contract between free citizens," the artist, who vindicates and re-establishes the principle on a sound basis by means of a bright, spirited comedy, makes humanity his undischarged debtors for all time. That is what Shakespeare has done in this great play, "The Merchant of Venice." Looking round the world he perceived that Justice 'twixt men of divers sectarian opinions was not being done: that Jews more than any other group were not adequately protected before the Law: that Gentile traders shirked their obligations and prided themselves on making default when the other party to the bargain was a Jew. That seemed to Shakespeare subversive of the best interests of England, and destructive of the commercial prestige of the country; and he set himself to devise an ingenious plan of telling his countrymen to beware of Nemesis and of the *dies iræ*. The pill was neatly gilded, the better to obtain acceptance for it; the Jew, infamous already, could not be harmed by representation in the guise of a monster, at least with some of the attributes of the Minotaur being levelled at him, albeit Shpakespeare knew only too well that the Jew was often more sinned against than sinning; as we shall now endeavour to prove.

A Loan Without Interest.

A young patrician spendthrift named Bassanio has conceived a gallant enterprise: being without funds he applies to Antonio, one of the merchant princes of the great Venetian Republic, for a loan "without interest." Bassanio has made his appeal at a most awkward juncture; Antonio's reputation on the Rialto is waning; his ventures look like colossal failures. Of all this Shylock is aware when Bassanio at the famous interview is assured that a loan for three months is negociable with Antonio's "surety, who, being a good man, was sufficient." Shylock, although the merchant has publicly reviled him, spat upon him, railed at him in the market place, "at his bargains" and "his well-won wealth," and called him "cut-throat dog," is still anxious to accommodate his powerful enemy on the most reasonable terms. Nay, he is eager to arrange a *modus vivendi* with him to bury the hatchet, to forgive the revilements, the injuries, and the insults of his Christian tormentor. "I would be friends with you, and have you love and forget the shames you have stained me with; supply your present wants, and take no doit of usance for my money."

On His Own Terms.

But cold, imperious, scornful Antonio repels those humane advances, uttered with all the accents of sincerity, unwilling to be under any *apparent* obligation to the vile creature, whose honour, fidelity and sincerity he gainsays; whereupon the poor Hebrew, stung to the quick, but still preserving his courtly demeanour and high-bred Oriental submission, is moved to gratify his foolhardy suitor "on his *own* terms." With a merry twinkle in his eye (for at that moment he never dreamt the diabolical conditions were ever likely to become matters for rigid enforcement), he acquiesces in the absurd arrangement. "This kindness will I shew," says Shylock. "Go with me to a notary, seal me there your single bond, and *in a merry sport*, if you repay me not on such a day, and in such a place, such sum or sums as are expressed in the condition, let the forfeit be nominated for an equal pound of your flesh." Antonio, cocksure, arrogant and eager to get the business over, gaily undertakes the desperate compact, swallowing the ugly terms of the deed as greedily as a gudgeon, and forthwith sets out to sign away his life; and the "fawning publican," lickspittle and whining cur he is, avers "I'll seal to such a bond: and say there is much kindness in the Jew." What else could this noble scion of a hundred heroes, this lordly descendant of the Maccabees, do but laugh inwardly at such a marrowless creature, such a flabby parody of a man?

Shylock's Home Desolate.

Now what happened during those eventful three months? By the wreckage of his trading vessels Antonio is ruined: his credit on the Rialto gone, shattered; Tubal and the other Jewish merchants, who have not forgotten his insolence, spurn him from their doors; unable to take up the bond on the due date, a bond, mark you, of his own seeking, he is flung into gaol, where he has leisure to ponder his changed fortunes, and to reflect upon the wisdom of the ancient laws of the Republic with which he has come into conflict. "The Duke," pursued Antonio, "cannot deny the course of law; for the commodity that strangers have with us in Venice, if it be denied, will much impeach the justice of the State; since that the trade and profit of the city consisteth of all nations." Shylock, too, has had his share of trouble: his daughter Jessica, "the apple of his eye," runs off with a Christian, taking with her bags of his ducats. His home is desolate: the light of his life is quenched. Gay, light-hearted Shylock, whose quips and jests made him a great figure on the Rialto, is now a broken man. Mocked and lacerated by the arch-jester Fate, he falls to brooding over his endless sufferings and, like a true Hebrew, his soul takes in the countless wrongs done to his kinsmen, in Spain, in France, and in England, where a sense of justice, in those bad old times, was not universally cultivated and enforced. To keep faith with a Jew was no part of their creed.

"I Will Have Justice."

Then it is that Shylock, putting away all sense of self, rises to almost inaccessible heights of grandeur in his sublime self-renunciation, converting the comedy of the early scenes of the play into a divine tragedy. "Once for all," we imagine him saying, "I will uproot this cancerous growth sapping the vitals of the State. I will teach foolhardy men not to enter into impossible compacts, trusting to the Law to extricate them in the hour of their direst necessities when one of the parties happens to be a vile, despicable Jew. I have shown too much mercy to them in the past. I will have justice of them. I will make an example of this Antonio, this flagrant violator of his pledges. I stand for Justice, which my race has never had done to it yet. Better, too, that this man's life be forfeited than that the fair fame of this beloved city should be blasted in the world's markets." Again and again in frenzied logomachies with the Duke, with Portia, and with Antonio, Shylock returns with renewed ardour and subtlety to his impregnable fortress, Justice, setting his face hard against supplications, cajoleries, enticements, and threats, and defending his case with a wealth of glowing eloquence and of illustrations imbued with the beauty, the pathos, and the driving power of an irresistible logic.

The True Spirit of a Patriot.

If Shakespeare, in order to enforce a mighty lesson on his countrymen, has painted Shylock in lurid colours, please to remember he has, after all, given him *all* the "fat" parts in the play. He is the life and soul of the drama. He has shown himself to be endowed with chivalry, with wit and humour, with unfailing courtesy, with sublime disinterestedness, with brilliant, nay, magical, gifts of intellect, with a Promethean will, with courage to resist every species of seduction short of honour, and with the true spirit of a patriot, ready to give up his own life to protect the fame of his native city. Shylock is the personification of Wisdom, which is the mean between abstract Justice and maudlin sentimentality: and he remains, for all time, the literary embodiment of "Liberty of Conscience," for which Lessing, Heine, Macaulay, and a host of other stalwart minds have fought side by side with William Shakespeare.

JOHN BULL'S WOMENFOLK

By Mrs. Bull.

Pear blossoms, shy, white mistresses of the bees, are out in windful orchards. There seems, by day, a bridal there; by night Aladdin's caves, for the stars, glittering through tree blooms, appear set, rose-cut diamonds, in mother o' pearl roots.

Another Occupation for Women.

The announcement that a member of the firm of Messrs. Lyons has entered into an arrangement with a well-known playwright to write a series of novels with him, opens up a wide and profitable industry for women with the scribbling habit. Well-known purveyors of anything and everything will be only too eager to follow the example of astute Mr. Lyons, and collaborate with nimble pens in the production of works of fiction. Just think what puffs, indirect and otherwise, of the entrepeneur's goods can be insinuated into the pages of these harrowing productions.

The fatal knife with which the heroine's mother was dispatched, and on which the mysteries of the plot are concentrated, could be purchased at the ironmongery department at the stores owned by the business member of the collaboration. And so on, *ad infinitum*. In the novel that Messrs. Lyons and Raleigh are about to write I should be very much disappointed if the lover does not propose to the lady of his choice in Lyons' "Popular Café," over one of their noted one-and-sixpenny luncheons. They should quarrel over one of Messrs. Lyons' marble-topped tea tables, and make it up again at the Trocadero, which happy consummation would be brought about by the excellent dinner served at a moderate charge.

Miss Julia Marlowe's Lovely Dress.

Miss Marlowe, in the "Sunken Bell," appeared in one of the most exquisite classic frocks I have ever seen. It is of sea-green chiffon de luxe, embroidered in silver fish-scale sequins, with bulrushes. Silver galon is laid upon bodice and sleeves, while here and there glittering lines of silver run down from throat to hem. Silver, gold and black sequin embroidery makes the most charming and effective night frocks imaginable, and to those about to order such a one, I would suggest silver upon green, as above, gold upon pink, black upon daffodil yellow.

The New Sunshade.

Sunshades with long handles like the Directoire walking-sticks are, presently, to be the fashion. I have seen one or two in Paris, but I doubt very much if the epidemic will rage in the English capital this year. Very charming would be a long handle of mother o' pearl with a shot grey-pink taffetas stretched over the frame, or one of blue-grey with a handle of gunmetal studded with brilliants.

Chiné printed silks are more used for parasols than any other; little bunches of ribbons, either the colour of the shade or of the user's frock, are seen upon the handle. At Ascot is generally seen a greater number of parasols than at any other fashionable gathering. Here they flutter in such variety of colour that it seems as if a myriad brilliant butterflies were scattered in the enclosures.

Linen Frocks.

Linen frocks will be worn presently, and I would suggest to my readers more than one pretty scheme of colour. For instance, wouldn't you like a dove-grey linen trimmed with leaf-green? Or a mauve upon which the same hue of green was fastened. And, again, a deep rose-pink with mauve? Linen that is of the brown of sailing-ships' sails would be delightful fashioned with cerise, while upon a white frock I would suggest light trimmings of emerald green.

Silk Coats.

The three-quarter Directoire coat composed of striped, shot or embroidered taffetas is the smartest thing to wear over afternoon frocks. I have just seen a Viennese model which has won my somewhat dress-susceptible heart. It is a full-lengthed Directoire coat of an old-world silk brown, stripe shot with violet, and embroidered with little cerise roses. It is lined with old rose glacé and worn over a skirt of cerise eolienne—superb! A waistcoat shows through the open coat, of cerise gold embroidery. Here, you see, there are five shades combined to make one lovely, perfect whole. We English, unfortunately, have little eye for colour; it is the southern woman and the Jewess who have this, I consider, very precious gift.

By the way, since we have been invaded by the Directoire fashions in dress, let us hope that we shall not follow suit with Directoire morals.

The Decline of Fancy Work.

Modern tapsetries have had an ill effect on the needlework habit. The head-cushion, for instance, instead of showing hand-embroidery, is of printed linen, and I think, unless the embroideries are the work of our grandmothers' deft fingers, that these former are prettier. The modern woman has little time for needlework; the fishful stream, the hunting-field, the race-course for her. She does not wait now, as of old, with embroideries in her hands, for a tardy husband's home-coming—a latter-day husband waits for her.

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A Rebuke.

"D.D."—that stands, too, doesn't it, for bad language?—of Cricklewood, suggests that I should be awarded a biscuit for saying of primroses, in a recent number, that there were little *green* islands of them in the woods. He has never seen any but yellow. Why, "D.D.," you *are* an ignorant fellow! Primroses are very green down our way. Perhaps you're colour-blind, or—do you mix? Tut, tut! You'll be telling us that woodbells are blue next, "D.D."

A Warning.

With the terrible scourge of consumption in our midst, I should like to be permitted to impress upon those of my readers who may have a tendency to tuberculosis the supreme necessity of seeking the most expert opinion money or influence can obtain. The ravages of this disease are so stealthy and insidious that it needs the practised eye to discern such symptoms as would escape the ordinary practitioner. The recent sad death of a friend of mine has brought this pitiful subject to my mind. He had been ailing for the last two years, but the ordinary family doctor who was called in again and again assured him and his parents that there was nothing whatever the matter with him. When the patient took to his bed his parents called in a specialist, who upon examining the sufferer at once stated him to be in a galloping consumption. He died in two weeks. Professional etiquette is of such a hide-bound nature that the blundering practitioner's carelessness will not be visited upon him, and he is therefore free to continue to earn a living by incompetence which may result in a repetition of the tragedy I have mentioned.

Special Notice.

Mrs. Bull will be pleased to answer questions from her women readers, and to give advice upon dress, husband-taming, and other matters of special feminine interest.

PRISONERS AT THE BAR.

THE OLD GUARD.

By Herbert Vivian.

George Frederick Samuel Robinson, Marquess of Ripon; Henry Hartley Fowler; and John Morley: You that are the prisoners at the bar, hold up your hands. The jury have found you guilty of obstruction, and it is now my painful duty to pass sentence upon you.

I confess that I have never clearly understood why the political career, which requires nerve, acumen, vivacity, and the other qualities of youth to an exceptional degree, should have come to be regarded as the peculiar preserve of old age. In most walks of life the present tendency is to expedite the period of superannuation. While our rude forefathers considered that a man only reached his prime at forty, many moderns regard that period as verging upon senility. Before long the phrase "too old at forty" will doubtless be replaced by recriminations against the impotent antiquity of twenty-five. Such theories may be carried too far, but they are partly justified by the fact that we now live much more rapidly than of yore; our brain and nerve tissues are earlier exhausted. If four-score years were but labour and sorrow in the pleasant pastoral days of the Psalmist, we can scarcely expect to retain our full faculties for half that period in an age of hustle and horror.

You have been brought to trial as much in your own interests as in that of the community. Your strenuous lives have entitled you to enjoy the pleasures of repose in the evening of your days. I can assure you that no one would have blamed you if you had voluntarily claimed your right to the comfortable shelf. It was no doubt a mistaken sense of duty which induced you to persevere beyond your strength. And this Court is doing you a kindness in prescribing the rest-cure, whereof you stand in need.

Lord Ripon.

You, my Lord Marquess, have had a varied, not to say erratic career, which will leave few enduring memories. Your father, Lord Goderich, perhaps the most insignificant Premier of the nineteenth century, was a pillar of the pernicious Whig oligarchy, and you were accordingly marked out from birth as an hereditary holder of office. Indeed, I believe you were actually born in Downing Street. By all those traditions, which impeded the progress of democracy for some two hundred years, you were entitled to live at the public expense for the term of your natural life. There would have been nothing surprising in your successful maintenance of those traditions but for certain escapades, which would have interfered with a less assured career. Among these the most notable was your sudden conversion to Rome, to which you added piquancy not only by the records of your family, but by your position as head of the Freemasons. This, however, did not prevent Mr. Gladstone from sending you to India as Viceroy, in defiance of Nonconformist outcries. You went out with the best intentions and many ill-digested theories about racial equality, but you do not seem to have satisfied the natives any more than you did the British officials. At the Admiralty and the Colonial Office you made no special mark, you left no abiding record. And now you hug the Privy Seal as a sort of old age pension. I note your plea that it is only a little one, like the illegitimate baby in Dickens, a mere sinecure, bestowed in recognition of long fidelity to the party machine. Well, I suppose I must not grudge you your £2,000 a year, if you really need it; or your somnolent presence at Cabinet Councils, if it gives you any pleasure; or even your nominal leadership of a moribund assembly. But I still think that you should retire, to facilitate either the admission of younger blood or the abolition of a superfluous office.

Sir Henry Fowler.

You, Fowler, enjoy the gilded ease of another sinecure, as Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, and that on even more slender foundation than the Marquess of Ripon. A shrewd solicitor and a militant Nonconformist, a lucid bore and a fanatic for Mumbo-Jumbo imperialism, you have exhibited a maze of amazing contrasts to empty benches and unsympathetic audiences. As just as Aristides, you are certainly no less irritating. Respectable, bland, diligent, in fact, an ideal shopman, you may have earned your various promotions by dint of worthy servility. But it is now high time for you to retire, and I can only express my surprise that the other Sir Henry should ever have allowed you to cumber his Cabinet.

John Morley.

In dealing with you, Morley, I shall not forget that you command general respect. Allowances may be made for many things on account of your old sturdy adherence to political economy and other verities which germinated and fructified in Manchester. Perhaps the chief reason why I regret to see you in the political arena is not that you are exhausted and stricken in years, but that you have devoted to a party what was meant for mankind. You had in you all the makings of an early-Victorian classic. You could write glibly, lucidly, reasonably, in precisely the right way to catch the long ear of the early-Victorian ass. You have not the magical diction of a Samuel Johnson, or a Swift, or a Benjamin Disraeli, or a Winston Churchill. But you solemnly enunciate certain things that are useful and true. I cannot think of you as my favourite author, or, indeed, as anybody's favourite author, unless he were a professor, or a Positivist, or some other pagan. You were always so cold that there was no colour even in your writings. But the piscine temperament is more tolerable in the sedentary life of letters than in the cockpit of politics. You were certainly ill-advised to plunge from the one to the other. As a philosopher, chronicler, Hansard, onlooker, you might have seen your fair share of the game. But, alack, you insisted on attempting to make, as well as write, history. Like Ruskin posing as an economist, or Meredith as a poet, or Frederick as a musician, you merely wasted time. I could remind you of futile oratorical efforts in your heyday. But I am now dealing with your recent offence. Evidence has been given that you were furious over the slight which Sir Henry passed upon you when he merely entrusted you with the destinies of an empire. No doubt you deemed yourself the ideal Premier, and you feel that you would have taxed your condescension in accepting the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, with a possible reversion of Sir Henry's shoes.

It is all very well to grow old without any sense of affliction (vieillir sans s'en affliger), but anyone who has heard you make a public speech within the last few years can tell you that the effort was far beyond your physical and mental capacity. It is for your own good that I impel you to retire. You have already become celebrated to the full measure of your deserts. Any further efforts to enhance your genius now that your day is done can only dim the memories which in your case are not altogether a source of regrets. I sympathise with the disappointment of your unwarrantable ambitions, but I congratulate the House of Commons on escaping your leadership.

Sentence.

It may seem ungracious to pass sentence upon three old men, who evidently mean well, and have done their duty in that state of life to which it hath pleased certain Prime Ministers to call them. But I have no choice. I must give effect to the verdict of the jury. The sentence of the Court is, and the Court doth award, that you be restricted to some rural pleasaunce, there to meditate upon the problems of eternity.

TO CYNTHIA.

In laces and in frills and furbelows,
My Lady to the dance of fashion goes.
Her hair, a forest, scented and afire,
Is powdered; this I must perforce admire.

Her face, a lily and as innocent,
Is rouged and patched, and that red ornament
Her mouth, I may not kiss—nor in disgrace
Am I; to crush her lips 'twould spoil her lace.

Her eyes, like restless seas, now blue, now grey,
So pleased are, for 'tis a grand display
Of lace and frills; 'twere known none could surpass
The vision in my Lady's looking-glass.

In laces and in frills and furbelows,
My Lady to the dance of fashion goes;
Brocaded satin, silken hose and lace,
With powdered hair, bepatched and rouged face.

Her smiles and glances break a dozen hearts,
Till dancing o'er, she to her house departs,
In laces and the frills and furbelows,
Brocaded satin and her silken hose.

Now dress and lace are laid within a chest,
With rouge and patches, frills and all the rest;
Her hair, the powder brushed from every tress,
Becomes once more a fiery wilderness.

Her gown—'twould seem of apple blooms so white
And sweetly scented—'tis her robe of night,
No laces, satin, rouge, or silken hose;
'Tis as I love her best, and this she knows.

Vera Canute.

THE HURLY BURLY.

VI. WANTED, A METHODIST HAGIOLOGY.

BY THEODORE DAHLE.

The *Methodist Recorder* is not a humorous paper. It does not compete with either *Punch* or the *Daily Mail*, yet it has made me smile. One of the members of its Editorial Committee suggests that "Methodists should have days set apart for remembering the Saints of their own church." Now, one of the curious facts about Saints is that they have all departed this life. You never meet a Saint alive. A live Saint would be an anomaly. He would feel lonely and unhappy. Moreover, he would be crowded out for want of space. But when a man, or a widow, or a virgin has been dead a long time—say for five hundred or a thousand years—one or other of the churches sometimes discovers that the lady or gentleman is a Saint in disguise, and that this was why nobody knew it while they were on earth. The name is thereupon added to the calendar, duly biographed and indexed for reference in case anyone should inquire for it, and the business is completed. On the whole, I should say that it is better to be a living man than a dead Saint.

According to the *Acta Sanctorum*, which is a learned work in the Latin, there are about 20,000 dead Saints already. Many of them have been forgotten, and of the others nobody knows where they are. But so far as my inquiries have led me, not one of them is a Methodist. *Prima facie*, this may seem an injustice. Yet, looking at the matter in a reasonable light, it does not seem possible to fix the blame with any degree of certainty. You see, at the time the Churches were making Saints there were no Methodists, dead or alive, and you cannot make something out of nothing. It has long been an axiom that a thing cannot be and not be at the same time in the same sense.

The *Methodist Recorder* feelingly observes: "We have often lamented the lack of a sufficient 'Methodist hagiology.'" But then, Methodists do not stand alone in this matter. The Salvation Army has no hagiology that I have ever heard of, for one instance. The Quakers have no hagiology, and do not want one, for another. The Tory party, the Liberal party, the Irish party, the Labour party, the Fiscal Reformers, the Sufferingettes, and the Colonial Premiers have not a single hagiology to share out among the lot of them. "C.B.," Mr. Balfour, Mr. John Burns, and Mr. Winston Churchill have rubbed along without a hagiology ever since they were born. The only statesman I know who might have benefited by a hagiology is Mr. Asquith. Conceivably, if he had owned a hagiology, he would have produced a better Budget. Why, then, should the Methodists lament that they have no hagiology? The art of living in this world is to learn what to do without.

My contemporary goes on to state that "there should be a selection of persons made who are worthy of a place in the calendar. Then let the conference solemnly exact that on a day assigned to a Saint there shall be some kind of religious observance." I wish to treat this solemn proposal in the spirit in which it is made, and I will not inquire too closely concerning the spirit, for some people like one spirit and some another. But let us clearly understand what we are driving at. In the new calendar are Methodist Saints to be dead or alive? That is the question. I have striven to make it plain that, practically speaking, a dead Saint is no good to anybody. A live Saint is a different matter. He would feel lonely, as I have said, and get crowded out for want of space in what somebody has described as this "so-called twentieth century." But he would look well in a museum, carefully preserved. If there were enough of him, I might even arrange to stage manage an exhibition of varieties at Olympia, or the Agricultural Hall, or somewhere. They should all be carefully labelled and true to name, as the florists say, and visitors should be respectfully requested not to touch. This is a fair and even generous offer. I can therefore add no more on that point, except that there are thousands of people in this country who yearn to know what a live Saint looks like when he is about, and at a shilling a time I do not think they would be overcharged.

Far be it from me to suggest a list of names for the new calendar. But one name springs to my mind with clamorous insistence. Humbly, reverently, and with all willingness to leave the question open for discussion, I hereby nominate the Editor of the *Methodist Recorder* to head the list. How does he feel about the proposal? After all, he may feel too modest, too retiring, for the glory of a halo. Probably he would not know how to put it straight if he had one, and it may be that he would rather continue to wear his hat. But if he declines my proposal, never let him complain that I stood in his light.

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OPEN LETTERS AND POST-CARDS.

To the Right Honourable Winston Churchill, M.P.

My Dear Churchill,—Allow me to congratulate you on your belated honour, or, rather, the Privy Council on its distinguished recruit. Seeing that you have borne most of the heat and burden of the political campaign, many are wondering why you should be left in what is, nominally, at any rate, a subsidiary position in the Government. The theory that you might be defeated when seeking re-election at Manchester never held water. With the glamour of your popularity, the distinction of your eloquence, and the doggedness of your pluck, such a mischance is obviously impossible. However, for some inscrutable reason you have been content to remain an Under-Secretary, while doing the work of a Cabinet. It is at least a satisfaction that you are now to share a title which has long been borne by many of your intellectual inferiors. Go on and prosper.

John Bull.

To the Editor of the *Egyptian Standard*, Cairo.

My Dear Fellow,—Pray don't be silly. Who but yourself would ever believe and publish that yarn of yours about the resignation of Lord Cromer being due to a quarrel with Sir Edward Grey, who demanded his lordship's retirement, and proposed Lord Milner as his successor, but was beaten by a majority of the Cabinet deciding on the appointment of Sir Eldon Gorst? Has not Lord Cromer stated, in the clearest words, that he is grateful for the way in which the Liberal Government have supported him in his policy, and that only the imperative insistence of his physicians induced him to resign? Such yarns as yours may be believed in anti-British circles in Cairo, but certainly nowhere else.

In modern Egypt Lord Cromer has built himself a monument more lasting than brass. He has been one of the very greatest of our pro-consuls. His mistakes have been few and far between, and his work has been magnificent. All the world knows what Egypt was after the fall of Alexandria and what it is now. Lord Cromer will return to London without either trumpets, or drums, or guards of honour, or processions. If he had been a British warrior fresh from fields of blood, we should have turned out in our thousands, and shouted our plaudits from every window. But Lord Cromer is an administrator, not a warrior, and so we shall all stay indoors, and he will not hear a single shout in his honour. We are a peculiar people, and this is our peculiar way.

Lord Cromer's farewell words, remember, were to recommend concessions to the national aspirations of the "Egyptians," and he deserves better recognition from them than the suggestion that he has been kicked out of Egypt by the British Government. This is not true, and you know it, or ought to know it. Conduct your campaign with decency. It will pay you and your supporters better in the end.

John Bull.

To Ellis Davies, Esq., M.P., House of Commons.

Dear Ellis,—'Pon my word, I don't know whether it is the proper thing to commiserate or congratulate in such a case as yours. However, take it from me as you like it. A happy new year and many of them. Have you applied for the King's Bounty yet? I think you should. Nobody can say you don't deserve it. I hear a rumour that members are going to present you with a large perambulator.

You need not have absented yourself for a week from the House. Triplets are nothing at all to be ashamed of—on the contrary. Besides, a man never knows his luck; they might happen to anybody. They are all home rulers, so I hear; determined to have their own way or make a scream about it. I have drawn the attention of the Registrar-General to your valour, and you may expect the D.S.O. for distinguished home service. Give the heads of the triumvirate a friendly pat for me. Shall see you soon, I hope.

John Bull.

To Mrs. D'Oyley Carte and W. S. Gilbert, Esq.

Dear Madam and Dear "Bab,"—When first the nation learned we had descended from our pedestal of proud and splendid isolation to an "entangling alliance" with the wonderful Japs, opinions were, of course, divided. Some looked upon it as a marvellous diplomatic feat, others looked ahead to probable embarrassments. But never from that day to this did we dream of the Anglo-Japanese alliance being the means of depriving us of one of the few things which make life worth living—a Savoy opera.

Now the fiat has gone forth—the blow has fallen. The Japanese have made certain representations to the Imperial Government that "The Mikado" is unpleasing to them, and out of consideration for their "feelings" this delightful child of the twin brains of "Gilbert and Sullivan" is to be heard and seen no more!

If this ridiculous piece of diplomatic fooling is what comes of "alliances," may Heaven spare us any more experiments in that direction.

The slavish adherence to "precedent" in this country opens up visions of what may happen on the same lines before long. We may, for instance, risk unpleasantness with Uncle Sam by a revival of "The Belle of New York"; "San Toy" may mean the appearance of a fleet of Chinese junks in the Channel; another conference at Algeciras may meet to discuss the wisdom of banishing "Morocco Bound" from the English stage; while even "The Gay Parisienne" or "The French Maid" may be used as a means of breaking up the ontong korjool. There are absolutely no limits to possibilities now we have started on this idiotic path.

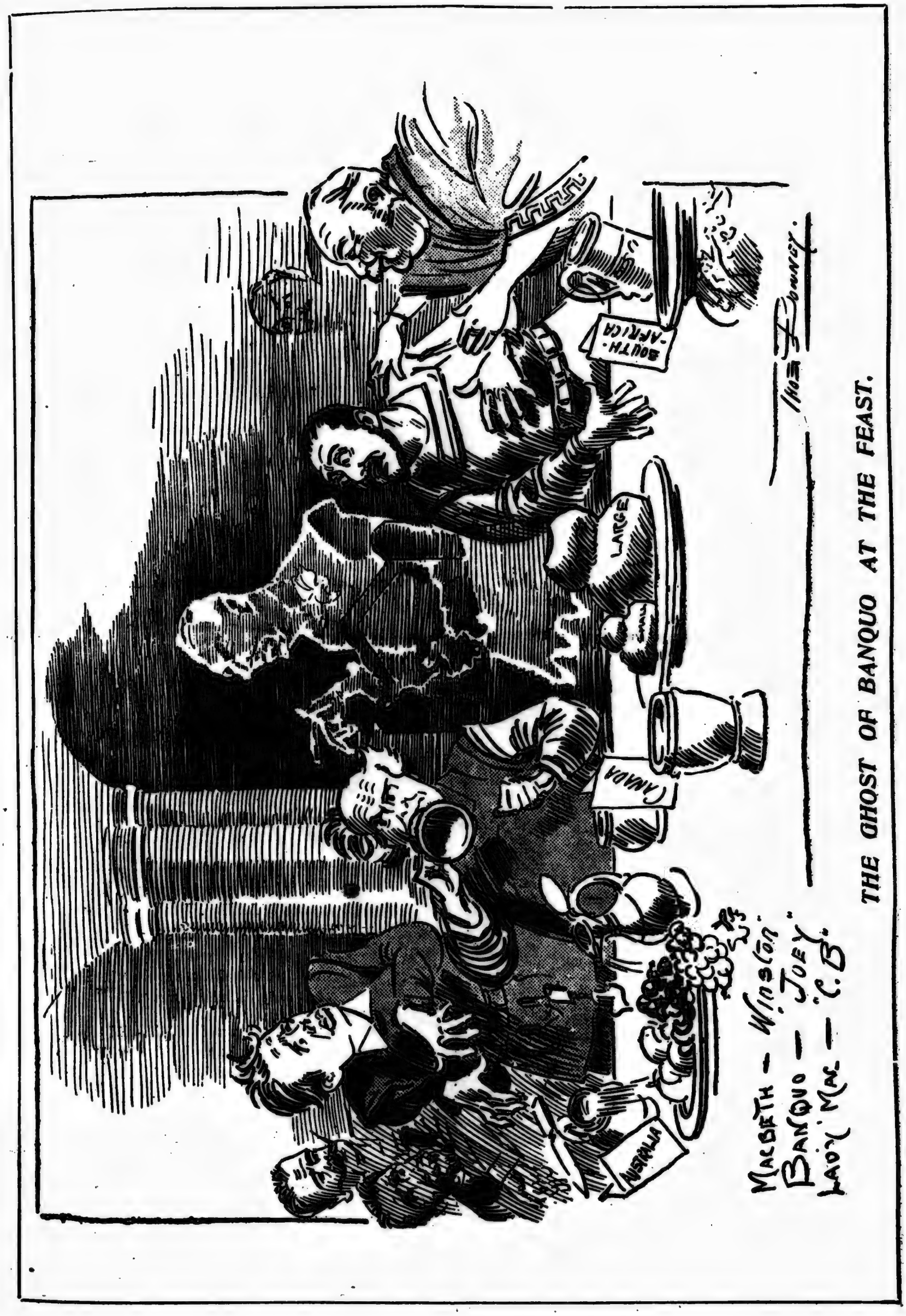
With you, dear madam, I sympathise; the monetary loss is a serious consideration, to say nothing of hallowed associations.

But, my dear William Schwenk! My dear sir! What is coming to you? There were times in the long ago when such a suggestion made to *you* would have caused you to express yourself as only you could. Has your tongue lost its power? Or has the audacity of the thing paralysed you beyond relief? If so, then may we expect to hear that Spain and Italy have made joint representations as to the Duke of Plaza-Torro and the gallant gondolieri; that "Old Moore's Almanack" considers "The Sorcerer" an interference with its prerogatives; that the French mercantile marine are writhing in agony whenever "Ruddigore" is produced, unless "the darned Mounseer" is deleted; that Grosvenor Gallery threatens to close its doors whenever "Patience" appears; that the Tower of London will refuse to apply for a licence for its refreshment room unless "The Yeoman of the Guard" is withdrawn; that the Metropolitan Police will go on strike when next "The Pirates of Penzance" engage our attention; that the Bench and Bar will abolish the Long Vacation rather than tolerate the desecrating "Trial by Jury" any longer; and that a Civil Lord of the Admiralty will apply for an old-age pension unless assured that "Pinafore" is a thing of the past.

Let us have no more of this tomfoolery. We could forgive a quarrel over a paltry carpet, even though it broke up one of the happiest partnerships that ever existed in connection with stagecraft; but, after all, that was an English affair—no foreign hand appeared in it.

I absolutely refuse to condone your conduct, and beg to assure you I am prepared to risk a war with Japan rather than permit a repetition of such inane stupidity. William, I am ashamed of you! Please don't let it occur again.

John Bull.



THE GHOST OF BANQUO AT THE FEAST.

THE NEW NEUROTICS.

By Jim Crow.

(We desire it to be distinctly understood that Mr. Crow's views are his own exclusive property.)

Some wiseacre attributes the disorders in Russia, Roumania, and other places, as well as the many violent crimes of the last few months, to sunspots, seismic phenomena, and other natural disturbances. Very likely that explanation, like those of the average scientific expert on almost any subject under the sun, is all tommy-rot. The fact is, scientific and medical persons do so little to justify their existence by improving the condition of life and locomotion (they cannot even fly!), or by relieving the ailments of humanity (they cannot even cure a cold or a corn!), that they must always strive to draw attention to themselves by some eccentricity. When times are slack they fill the *Lancet* with alarms about cabbages inducing consumption, hard-boiled eggs, and housemaid's knee, or "death in the tooth-brush," or something equally plausible. Failing any other means of attracting notice, they would doubtless stand on their heads in the gutter, or pinch people in monkey houses, or join the suffragettes.

Mercy for Murderers.

So I do not repose implicit reliance upon their theories. But, whatever the cause, there certainly seems to be a neurotic and even criminal wave in the air. And, what is far worse, public opinion seems to have ranged itself on the side of every murderer or ruffian who has contrived to create a sensation. Mild, amiable citizens, who profess to rever law and order, and constitutional government, smile quite placidly over bombs and massacres in Russia. Dainty persons in drawing-rooms heave sympathetic sighs over the hardship of trying a Yankee millionaire who shot a defenceless man in the theatre. Woolly old men caper round the club waving petitions to reprieve the cold-blooded murderer of an elderly tradesman. Either we have sickly sentiment about poor young wives and sweet toddling mites, or else semi-scientific verbiage about brain-waves or subliminal instincts, or some such terminological incoherency. In order to satisfy the dear, kind humanitarians of to-day we should have to adopt the Swiss law, and fine people tenpence for killing strangers at the table-d'hôte.

Types of the Times.

I have already alluded to the namby-pamby persons who write to the papers about street-noises, and evidently sigh for a golden age, when we shall all be wrapped up in cotton-wool. They are types of the times. Knowing nothing of human nature, never exploring beyond the horizon of their libraries, paralysed by prejudice and fossilised ignorance, they dream of reducing the world to the condition of an old-fashioned girls' school. It is sufficient that they take no interest in a thing themselves, and they are convinced that no one else should concern himself with it. They remind me of a man who happened to dislike mustard and accordingly objected to its consumption by anybody else. Indeed, they seem to devote all their remnants of energy—perhaps I should rather say, fussiness—to eliminating all the mustard and all the spices of life. Some of these people have lately returned to their asinine occupation of petitioning the King of Spain to abolish bull-fights. They know nothing about bull-fights, but they seem to have jumped to the conclusion that it must be cruel and demoralising to slaughter bulls and horses, quite forgetting that they themselves usually eat one or the other at least three times a week. Nor do they know anything of the Spanish people, or what would happen to a king who tried to suppress their national sport.

Sybaritic Schoolboys.

Unless something can be done to check the present tendency, we shall soon be a nerve-ridden country. Look at our children. Instead of being brought up to face discomforts and inconveniences in a plucky spirit, they are coddled and pampered until they regard every luxury as their prerogative and due. With their soft raiment, soft beds, and soft language, they have every excuse if they grow up into a soft race. When I was about ten I remember my schoolmaster lamenting the healthier times which went before. "Look at these boys," he would say, "they have warm baths and spring beds and two helpings of pudding. Why, when I was a lad in this very same school, we had to wash at the pump in the yard, winter and summer, we never had enough to eat, and our mattresses might have been made of wood. We had to rough it, I can tell you, and the result was that we turned out men." Well, I visited that school again last year, and the difference since my time was no less marked. The boys were as much pampered as though they were living at home with their parents—everything was of the best. Of course, I do not suggest that they should be starved or ill-treated. But an acquaintance with hardships is good for everybody, and most of the boys at upper-class schools are destined to have all their wishes gratified all their lives. Mind you, I am not joining with Father Vaughan to denounce luxury. Without luxury you cannot have culture, but in order to appreciate luxury it is essential to have a nodding acquaintance with want.

The Decay of Hunting.

There are too many people who go about to-day and pose as prophets, and collect little audiences, and infect whole areas with neurotic notions. As they cannot be shut up, I should like to shake them and make them earn their living for a year, or play polo, or at least ride to hounds. By the way, one cause of the prevalence of nerves is undoubtedly the decay of hunting. When I was a boy every little farmer's son used to mount his pony and go to every meet within eight or ten miles, and thoroughly enjoy himself. Now farmers erect barbed wires and masters of hounds have given place to committees, who try to cap everybody for half-guineas every time they come out for a gallop. Now the last refuge of the young person with sporting instincts is to go and watch football or walk about with a golf-stick.

Sanctimonious Shakers.

Look at the present generation. See them start at the sound of a motor-horn and grow pale when they have to face the traffic of the town. Soon they will make their wills and insure their lives every time they try to cross a street. Hear their talk about the weather, as if it mattered a straw to a good old beef-eating Briton whether it was hot or cold, or whether there was a likelihood of rain. Consider their squeamishness, not only about the necks of murderers, but about the comforts of dogs and cats and birds and fishes. Our wives must not wear ospreys, our coachmen may not use bearing-reins, it is an outrage to shoot pigeons, cocking is a criminal offence, even ratting is voted brutal. I suppose we shall soon be made vegetarians by Act of Parliament, and then someone will start an agitation for the prevention of cruelty to potatoes.

The only Remedy.

Notice also all the new diseases which are engendered by perpetual brooding over possible infirmities. Think of all the thriving quacks who spend thousands in advertising their nostrums and perpetually prey upon the credulity of hypochondriacs. If people would only pull themselves together there would be no market for any such imposition, from bile beans down to Christian Science. As far as I can see, the only possible remedy for the neurotics of the age is a long and bloody war. But unless it comes soon there will not be many left with strength or stomach for a fight.

THE SMART SET.

Upon another plane than ours,
In dreadful state apart,
The shrieking scandal-mongers place
The Set they christen Smart.

From angry press and pulpit wild
Anathemas are hurled,
All meant to hold such awful folk
In scorn up to the world.

The gadflies, wasps, and gnats attempt
To find a place to sting them,
And thrive on the advertisement
Their wild outpourings bring them.

But still serenely on their ways
Go social world and mart—
The Smart Set's hit on ev'ry side,
Yet does not seem to smart.

Richard Morton.

DINING WITH VEGETARIANS.

BY PAUL ELGOOD.

The menu outside the door was eloquent. I entered the restaurant, and its subdued and hallowed calm at once affected my heart. No glitter of steel offended the eye, nor the smell of roast beef the nose; no, nothing suggestive of blood was there. It was a perfect sanctuary of humanity, where cruelty and rapine were but the shadows of a dream. Thou shalt not kill, neither thy ox, thy lamb, nor thy goose! This commandment was reflected in the face of the diners, looking gloomily down at their mashed potatoes, or stewed lentils. I would not suggest that their gloom originated in either of these; more probably in thoughts of how much roast beef an unmerciful world was devouring at the moment. Could they be otherwise than happy, knowing that their innocent lunches had left many a plump rabbit capering along by sunny hedgebanks in the blissful enjoyment of life? By such easy stages man reaches sublimity.

The broad-browed man, with the leonine mane of black hair quivering around his big shoulders was there. He is a vegetarian; it is his boast, his happiness. There was no need to be told he is a demagogue. The passionate enthusiasm of the leveller burst from his dark, rolling eyes, as he raised them occasionally from his Vienna steak to see if his commanding presence was receiving due homage. Behold me, the friend of humanity! these words could be read in his look. His sometimes pensive airs suggested a vision of lambs skipping over fragrant meadows. "Play on, little dears," I could fancy him saying; "I crave not for your tender cutlets." He actually lifted a piece of vegetable pie about the size of a nut to his large mouth, and swallowed it with edifying satisfaction. It was wonderful!

In conjunction with him sat a meek-looking man with the scholar's stoop. His head was very bald, and he wore gold-rimmed glasses on his thin, aquiline nose. He paid attention to an illustrated paper, and some stewed macaroni. To an unsympathetic observer, the paper seemed his favourite, for whenever he glanced at the macaroni, he sighed, and added a little more pepper to it. He was thinking, no doubt, of all the horrid butcheries rampant in our degenerate land; that was his reason for being unable to smile. And how remarkable his bald head appeared in contrast with the demagogue's great shock of hair! Heaven forbid I should ever be a Conservative; but where is the logic of my Socialism with Nature so palpably belying those precious theories of ordained equality?

Still let me stick to the vegetarian restaurant till I finish my savoury pie. There was a poet not many tables away from me. His long hair and mellow eyes betrayed his calling, together with his taste for "Haricots a la soubise." He had also the sweet tokens of cultured humanity written on his furrowed brows.

No flocks that range the valleys free
To slaughter I condemn,
Taught by that Power that pities me,
I learn to pity them.

I could fancy him reciting in melting accents these lines before a Wild Mothers' Protection League meeting. Like all the other diners, he showed no inclination to voraciousness. Only for that thin, cultured face, the ungenerous-minded would swear he was longing for a mutton chop. Truly it is the absence of voracity makes a vegetarian feast so sublime. Greed, that foe of life, remains without. Everyone seemed inclined to abstinence, as if he would not mind dividing his lunch with his neighbour. It was Christianity without an effort.

But why have Hercules pie, or Vienna steak, such cruel, old-world sounds? Besides, it is a delusion and a snare, and likely to arouse the brutal instincts. They have a tendency—I speak from an undeceived heart—to beget dreams of rump steak, chipped potatoes, and a pint of stout, till a piece of vegetarian steak regulates the palate. Such dreams are impossible after that. But retaining such designations is tempting mercy too flagrantly, and they ought to be put down.

The vegetarian is not all gloom I found. He brightens visibly towards the end of the feast. The nuts bring a radiance to his face. Darwin would suggest that they lead him in spirit back to the unploughed fields, the hedgerows, the whispering chestnut trees—back to that primitive simplicity ere wicked Prometheus stole fire from heaven or Pluto shaped saucepans to supply a public need. Be that as it may, a beam of real happiness irradiated each face, as this last course of the humanitarian feast appeared. I noticed no one looking back on leaving. Had Lot passed his wife through a vegetarian restaurant, she would have been cured of a besetting weakness. But the Jew was

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AND ALL
DIGESTIVE
ILLS.

MOTHER
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always too unregenerate in his food to concoct vegetable pie. He lacked that inspiration, and what he missed imagination can supply.

Noting the hasty step and altered countenance of each customer making for the doorway, an anxiety to dig deeper into the secret emotions of vegetarians urged me to try and interview a frequenter of the place. So to a neighbour, I very affably turned and said:

"Pardon me; but do you patronise this place daily?"

"Yes!" he growled; so out of place!

"Do you like the fare?"

"No."

"Perhaps it agrees with your digestion?" I mildly suggested.

"No, it doesn't."

"Then why on earth do you come here?"

"I write funeral odes! Good-day!" and away he rushed in the manner of all the others.

His ill-bred behaviour effectually quelled further curiosity, so I left my savoury pie on the plate—at least, most of it, that I, too, might not appear greedy, and came away.

THE SPANISH DREYFUS CASE.

By G. H. B. Ward.

The whole world was horrified by the dastardly attempt on the lives of the young King of Spain and his English bride, on May 31st of last year; yet, if the subsequent endeavours on the part of the clerical and ruling element in Spain to secure the conviction of innocent persons upon charges of complicity in the crime could be given the same publicity, the verdict of civilisation would be that Russia and Spain are as one in tyranny and injustice. What are the facts?

Francisco Ferrer Guardia, a Spaniard and Republican, fled from Spain in 1886, in consequence of a Republican revolt. Taking up his residence in Paris, he became a teacher of languages, and for some time was secretary to a French Minister of State.

A wealthy lady, Madame Mennier, imbued with his idea of founding a system of secular schools in Spain, where 30 per cent. can neither read nor write, and education without Catholicism is almost impossible (in Barcelona alone 10,000 children cannot find accommodation in the miserable State schools), left him, upon her death, the sum of £20,000, with which, returning to Barcelona in 1901, he founded and endowed the Modern Schools (Las Escuelas Modernas). Last year in Catalonia and other provinces there were fifty-three Modern Schools, a number of them endowed by Ferrer, and to which Liberals, Radicals, Republicans, and Anarchists sent their children to receive a sound elementary education, free from all clerical tutelage. Ferrer, an ardent educationist and scholar, founded a library, a monthly journal, and a publishing department; and 30 text-books on physical and natural science subjects, translated from the best of foreign specialists, were issued from time to time, at popular prices, and circulated throughout the land.

Morral, the perpetrator of the crime, a native of Sabadell, became acquainted with Ferrer upon his sister becoming a pupil at the Barcelona Modern School. Ferrer, hearing of his thorough knowledge of French—a traveller for his father, a Sabadell manufacturer, in Southern France—gave Morral some translations. Ferrer's publishing department, and the increase of the business, induced him to ask Morral, a man of means, to take up residence in Barcelona, and assist him permanently in the work. Morral came to Barcelona in December, 1905, and an agreement between the two men was to have been signed on the day following the outrage in Madrid. Morral left Barcelona on May 22nd, nine days prior to his vile attempt to assassinate the Spanish King and Queen, stating that he was taking a holiday. A letter from Morral, upon his arrival in Madrid, to a young lady who had rejected his approaches, suggests the intention which he carried out, and his subsequent suicide.

Ferrer at this time was on the point of a journey to Paris respecting a mortgage upon his property in that city. Hearing of the outrage, he at once, at the Civil Guards' offices, declared all he knew respecting Morral.

Ferrer was arrested on June 4th, despite his explanations. An application for bail was granted by Judge Valle, who "saw no motive for the imprisonment or trial of Ferrer." The Fiscal, Becerra del Toro, an ardent Clerical, in overruling Judge Valle's decision, remarked, "You will not have bail if Judge Valle has granted it, for I will prevent you." The Modern Schools were all closed by order, and Ferrer still remains in prison, and untried, though eleven months have gone by.

The Madrid *Herald*, of 18th ult., states that the Fiscal, Becerra del Toro, in declaring that Ferrer will be tried by three Clerical judges, instead of by jury, "protested against certain calumnies preferred against him in certain national and foreign publications" (John Bull included, without doubt).

The Fiscal further stated that an embargo had been placed upon the prisoner's goods and fortune (Ferrer's Spanish properties are all under embargo, but, fortunately, an attempt to influence the French Government concerning Ferrer's Paris property failed ignominiously), because they could not guarantee the costs of the trial. He concluded, "I cannot do less than protest against these vile and miserable calumnies, flung with a bastard intent and in a cowardly manner, and published in the main in foreign journals that cannot be prosecuted and punished."

Ferrer never had the opportunity to "guarantee the costs of the trial," and it is strange that these "vile and miserable calumnies," were one and all reproduced from *El Progreso* and *España Nueva*, Barcelona and Madrid Republican dailies. These journals have neither been "prosecuted" nor "punished." They are quietly ignored, as wide publicity to *Clerical villainy* would follow prosecution of these journals.

Ferrer is innocent, as all who have followed the Spanish Dreyfus case know full well.

The reform Press in France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, and Italy has taken up Ferrer's case, and mass meetings have been held in many cities on the Continent.

There is more than a possibility of the three Judges "doing just as they are told," of Ferrer being sentenced to imprisonment and released immediately, but of a clause in the verdict indemnifying the families of the victims in the outrage, thus effectually disposing of Ferrer's fortune, and the endowment of the Modern Schools.

The protest of a European Press in the name of liberty and the elementary rights of civilised man alone will save Ferrer from the hands of the Modern Spanish Inquisition.

Replying, in the Spanish Cortes, to a query by Señor Lerrouz, the Minister stated that Mr. Bowman, the English journalist and Social Democrat, who was arrested in Madrid and deported ere he could personally investigate the Ferrer case in that country, was expelled because he was a *dangerous Anarchist*.

In a letter published by *Fructidor*, a Barcelona Federal Republican magazine, Ferrer, writing from the Madrid Model Prison (Carcel Modelo) states, anent the origin of the Modern Schools:—

"Being notorious that a child is born without any preconceived idea of life, and that it acquires its early ideas from the first persons with whom it comes into contact, afterwards modifying or amplifying them according to its observations, its lessons, and environment, it is clear that if the child is to be given positive and true notions, it must accept nothing that cannot be demonstrated by science. Then the child becomes a studious observer, and is prepared for advanced teaching.

"To enable a child to judge with independence all questions that concern human life it must be furnished with books and objects that present things as they are, not as given in official elementary text-books, full of religious and social prejudice.

"With this end in view we published thirty elementary text-books to replace official primaries. We intend to publish others, not only of an elementary character, but for secondary and advanced studies; also works of reference for our professors in the schools from the pens of eminent Spaniards and foreign writers, who will, by their labours, contribute to the greater extension and efficacy of our secular education.

"To educate our children free from prejudice, and to publish the necessary works, is the aim and object of the Modern Schools, and to this end I have dedicated my humble efforts to found a system of schools that will be a model to all our Radical parties who desire an education free from all the dogmatical errors and falsities of the official curriculum."

This is the man whom Spanish Jesuitism would destroy!

TIMID AS THE DOVE IS.

Sweet, dost thou know what love is
That to thy beauty goes?
'Tis timid as the dove is,
Lovely as the rose,
Warm as the sun above is,
Calm as lark's repose.

Vera Canute.

AMONG THE MUMMERS.

The Band-box Theatre.

Recently a leading editor offered a young literary friend of mine an absurdly small sum for a series of brilliant Impressions. "But," retorted my young friend, "I am not merely selling you so many thousands of words; I am selling you a *temperament*." It was a very un-English reply to the editor's offer; and the editor, being a Scotsman, saw it only on its funny side. Yet literally and entirely it was true, "poseur" though its author may have been, and in fact is. I tremble to think what that same editor would do were I to tell him that theatres have temperaments as well as men and women, and that many a good play has been handicapped (and some may have been killed) by the houses in which they were staged. I do not mean simply that, judged by the box-office receipts, some theatres are more popular than others; I mean that artistic persons, on and off the stage alike, are affected by the theatre in which they act a play or see one acted; that, in fact, some theatres can no more get on with some plays than some climates can get on with some people. It is not merely custom which makes us regard the Haymarket as a comedy house, and remember the old Strand for its farces chiefly, or prefer to see a musical extravaganza at the Gaiety, than one equally well done in all externals at another house.

The Genius of Playhouses.

We admit what has been called "the genius of place" when we are talking of cathedrals or mountains; why not when we are concerned with playhouses? There are, architecturally and acoustically, many better theatres in which to study the Shakespearean drama than the Memorial Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon; but the house as well as the town has a temperament, added to historical associations, that materially assists both player and audience. Lots of people will admit this by inference when you compare notes with them. Most of our commercial managers lack the finer sort of imagination; it is rather a bar to financial success in the theatre as in most other business pursuits. So that they stage fine plays in bad playhouses or bad plays in fine playhouses; and they wonder that as an art the English theatre is held largely in contempt by English artists of all sorts, not excluding those who live upon it. By the term "fine playhouses" I do not mean to suggest gorgeous or expensive playhouses; far from it. In the art of the theatre as in pictorial art the frame may be as modest as you like, but it should be appropriate. That is the prime defect of so many of our great London theatres; they are unsuited to half the best plays that are written.

Our Costly Theatres.

Being costly as to rent, rates, and taxes, they are made doubly so by a superfluity of scenic effect and expensive companies. The evil has grown by what it has been fed on; so that to-day anyone leasing a leading London theatre must stage therein a play likely to draw well over £1,000 per week for say eight weeks at least, or risk serious pecuniary loss. Thus, most of the managers are engaged in a task which, if not fatal to the finest stage art, does not encourage such art: the task of discovering the play that will induce the widest variety of persons of all classes to pay to sit in a theatre designed chiefly to hold the largest number of them at one time. It does not bring any too great or certain returns in cash; it brings out real art, of the delicate kinds especially, more by accident than by set purpose. For the vast theatres, like His Majesty's and Drury Lane, there are well-defined spheres of influence as the popularisers of certain broad artistic effects: the stage of a nation should appeal to all sorts in that nation, and only in the big playhouse or the open air may a manager achieve the giant spectacle that is of the essence of a picturesque physical tragedy or a historical pageant.

Where Comedy Loses.

But how much true comedy loses by its presentation in such places; the comedy of eye and posture as well as of word; how much also that tragedy which is of the spirit rather than of the body? The large theatre, with the large stage at one end of it, means heavy facial make-up, and a consequent loss of the finer shades of human expression; it invites to grotesqueries of gesture and vocal excess; it tends to destroy that simple and direct emotional exchange between artist and audience that is of greater value in comedy than in melodrama, although the opposite is so often assumed. The Elizabethan Stage faddists, with their cry for a return to the bare-board methods of the Spacious Days are, after all, fumbling darkly about a great truth in dramatic art. It were absurd to limit the capacity of the scene painter, the costumier, the lime-light man, and the rest of them in our time to the capacity of the producer of three hundred years ago, whether

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they deal with Shakespeare, Phillips, Davidson, or Mr. Clyde Fitch—so that they tend to assist and not to destroy the illusion.

The Elizabethan Way.

The Elizabethans went to the theatre by day, and the middle of their playhouse was open to the sky. We go to the theatre at night; and the West End moon is an unreliable substitute for the Bankside sun. But where we can learn a lesson from the Shakespearean theatre is in the value of intimacy between stage and playgoer; a lesson enforced not merely by all the Little Theatres of Paris and Berlin, but by all the comedy houses of London. Half the success of Sir Charles Wyndham—when he was Mr. Wyndham and the rarest farcical-comedy actor in Europe, at the Criterion—were due to the fact that he and his audience sat almost cheek by jowl. In a lesser degree this was the case with Cyril Maude at the Haymarket, with James Welch at the Strand, and with Edward Terry at his own tiny theatre. Mr. Bourchier loses half his point at the Garrick, as all will admit who saw him in worse plays at the Royalty. One must be quite near a really great comic actor—and the greatest actors are the comic actors as the greatest writers are the humourists—to appreciate a tithe of his gifts; you must be able to see him and hear him perfectly and without conscious effort. Hardly less is this the case with the modern tragedian who interprets tragedy otherwise than by weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth.

Perspective and Acting.

See Duse for instance, or even Mrs. Pat Campbell, or Janet Achurch, or Elizabeth Robins, or Miss Matthison from just beyond the footlights, and then try the experiment of looking from the back of the gallery at the same art. It ceases to be the same art. Distance lends enchantment to our view of the spectacular actor; it kills the enchantment of the analytic actor—it helps physique, it harasses brains. Some conception of this fact has vitalised the policy of the Court management, first in the selection of the house itself, secondly of the plays done, and thirdly of the artists employed. One day we may get a theatre for the few, with a stage projecting down the middle of the house, and the seats arranged not more than a dozen deep all around it: the back row only just above the level of the stage-floor. Meanwhile, Mr. Jerrard Grant Allen and Miss Gertrude Kingston intend to give us a Little Theatre in London, à la Bodinière.

In Berlin and Paris.

Berlin has its Kammer Theater, Paris its Théâtre Bodinière and half a dozen other small houses of more or less artistic interest. Only a week ago another was placed upon the list. This is the Comédie Royale near the Madeleine, in the Rue Caumartin, where Galipaux, Yahne, Demay, Petit, and others for awhile will add to the gaiety of Paris. These miniature theatres have a charm and an interest that are all their own. The feeling is hard to dissect; more difficult to describe. Those who have been there only will understand. Monsieur Francois Robin scented its possibilities; and so Paris got—at the old Théâtre Mondain—the "Théâtre de la Robinière," that astonishing sensation of the Cité d'Antin. On a higher plane (in a way) came the Bodinière, started by Bodin, once secretary of the Comédie Francaise itself. Although most of the Bodinière's customers in my time were not really young ladies, I have always accepted Bodin's assurance that Mr. Gilbert's proverbial *jeune fille* could find no safer theatre in all Paris than his. Anyway, it was safer (I swear it) than the Rabelais and the Mathurins, and, perhaps, even the Grand Guignol, whence at least one good playlet has found its Bowdlerised way to England.

A London Capucines.

From what I hear, the Allen-Kingston playhouse in London will be more like the Capucines than any of the other Paris Little Theatres. A "small hall" is to be taken; all the existing London theatres being too large. Mr. Allen will see to the business side; Miss Kingston to the stage. Each play may run for three weeks of seven performances only, and there is to be a stock company. That is about all one can say at present; but I suppose that prices will be exclusive rather than popular. I hope also that the pieces shown, as at the Capucines, will be short—at least three in each bill; and that young living authors, not necessarily all English, will be given the preference. Scores of our novelists should be able to do fine work, suitable to such a stage, who will never write a play acceptable to the ordinary manager. In Miss Kingston the new venture has the ideal manageress on its purely artistic side—if only she can be prevented from casting herself in those classical roles which she loves so deeply, but cannot play for nuts. Miss Kingston is a distinguished modern comedienne, as "twen-cent." as they make 'em, not an antediluvian tragedienne. P.

THE LATE MR. WALLIS MACKAY AND "JOHN BULL."

STRONG EXPRESSION OF OPINION BY THE ATTORNEY GENERAL.

We regret to have to return to this matter, but it is due to our readers, as well as to ourselves, that the scandalous imputation cast upon us in the letter written by poor Mackay before his suicide, and circulated broadcast in the press, should be once and for ever set at rest.

In these circumstances we decided to submit all the facts and documents to the Attorney-General, and after doing so, to ask his opinion upon the whole incident.

The following extract from the Parliamentary reports will speak for itself:

On Thursday last Mr. Horatio Bottomley asked the Attorney-General—

> "Whether his attention has been called to recent cases in which, in the course of judicial proceedings, charges have been made against absent persons not parties to such proceedings; and whether he will consider the desirableness of introducing legislation to amend the present Law of Libel, by annulling the plea of privilege at present protecting the authors and publishers of such charges."

The following is the reply given by Sir John Lawson Walton—

> "I see great difficulty in limiting the privilege now existing which protects from actions witnesses and others concerned in the conduct of judicial trials, who make statements in Court which cast reflections upon absent persons who are not parties to the cause. It would also be difficult to prevent the publication of these statements whenever they form part of a fair and accurate report of the proceedings, although I think that individuals often suffer seriously owing to charges against them being unnecessarily made and thoughtlessly repeated in the public press. *The hon. member has in particular good cause to complain of an incident of this kind to which he has drawn my attention.*"

Mr. Bottomley then asked—

> "Will the Attorney-General consider the desirability of representing to the proper Governmental Department the importance of advising coroners who hold inquests upon suicides not to give publicity to letters written by demented people prior to their committing suicide casting aspersions on persons who have no opportunity of repudiating them?"

Sir J. Lawson Walton answered—

> "Coroners must be well aware of the desirability that caution should be exercised on the subject, and the Press must be also conscious of their duty in the matter."

Here we leave the painful subject—commending the Attorney-General's strong observations to those whom they concern.

Letter from Mrs. Mackay.

It is only fair that we should add that Mr. Mackay's widow has, entirely of her own accord, written us a very generous letter expressing regret for the injustice we have suffered, and specifically admitting that at the time of his death her late husband had no claim against us.

Poor fellow! Peace to his soul! *De mortuis nil nisi bonum.*

BULL'S EYES.

SOME UNFOUNDED RUMOURS:—
That the Budget has pleased someone.

.....

That Lord Dalmeny, having joined the Aero Club, will make "balloons" at the Oval.

.....

That Mr. Ellis Davies thinks "three is a crowd."

.....

That, apropos Frank Richardson and whiskers, "the grapes are sour."

.....

That there will be no Peeping Toms at the Coventry Godiva pageant.

.....

That when the L.C.C. steamboats are run again, it will be "a wreckless experiment."

.....

That "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" will have a cut at the Savoy.

.....

That an "amateur" was seen shaking hands with a "pro." cricketer at Lords recently.

.....

That Mr. Calmour does *not* class dramatic critics as Scalawags.

.....

Motto for Tariff Reformers: "England expects that every man will pay his duty."

River Mem.: Boating accidents may be avoided by observing the "rule of the rowed."

CRICKET NOTES.—SOME PROPOSED RULES:—
That rooms, fitted with telephonic and telegraphic communication, and works of reference on cricket, shall be provided by each first-class club for the use of Press members of teams.

.....

That Press members playing in a match may employ a substitute to bat, bowl, or field for them, in order that they may give full attention to reporting the game.

.....

That typewriters and cameras may be brought on the field at the owner's risk, but should the ball strike an instrument, a "boundary" shall be scored.

.....

That "professionals" be prohibited from writing for the newspapers, a growing practice which infringes on the privileges of "amateurs."

.....

That, should a Press-member desire to take a photograph of any special incident, the game may, with the consent of both captains, be suspended for the purpose.

.....

A Press-member shall only "report" for his own side.

.....

Mr. Messup will again appear (in print) as often as possible, for Gloucestershire, and a good many sharp "cuts" and clever "hits" may be looked for from his nimble pen.

It is a sad thought that to pay all one's debts, means nothing to one's credit.

SOME EVENS:—
Even a chair demands support.
Even a chimney "has its little smoke."
Even silence is often broken.
Even a tree is known by its bark.
Even a spoon "takes a dip."
Even shirts are often "done up."
Even thermometers have their "ups and downs."
Even a clock makes good use of its hands.
Even the well becomes dry.
Even shoes sometimes "pinch."
Even notes often require a rest.
Even scales have their own weigh.
Even a comb shows its teeth.
Even iron is often railing!
Even a nail sometimes loses its head.

In reference to the "Alcohol Manifesto" it is said that some temperance lecturers have been treated to "Boos."

A correspondent in the *Westminster Gazette* says he heard the cuckoo on April 2nd. Is he *sure* about the date?

At Tangier, six cases marked "Passover Biscuits" were found to contain rifles. The customs officers do not pass over t'rifles. They promptly took the "biscuits."

Some of the suffragettes' leaders have gone to Rome. They may be expected to "do as the Rum-'uns do."

Electricity Never Fails to Cure.

A Broad Statement Though a True One.

This statement may seem incredible to the person who has not been a close observer of the success of medical electricity. The daily papers, medical journals, and reports of prominent medical specialists are never without some marvellous cures due to this wonderful subtle fluid. Only a few days ago, a sensational cure was mentioned in a special despatch. This was a man who had been crippled over fifteen years. His joints were all swollen and distorted from Rheumatism, and he was pronounced incurable by the specialists of the leading hospitals of Liverpool. It was only recently that electricity was tried on him. The man is now well. He has no pains; his joints are of natural size, and he is enjoying health he has not known for over fifteen years. That's what electricity does, and that poor man might have been saved fifteen years of agony if proper electrical treatment had been used.

Electricity applied in the form of a powerful body battery is producing wonderful results. This battery, which can be used for hours at a time, is capable of generating a current of eight or nine volts or more. This wonderful stream of energy is poured directly into the nerve centres. Can you imagine any case of weakness, Nervousness, pains or aches, Kidney, Liver, Bowel, Stomach or Bladder Troubles that cannot thus be cured?

A book describing this wonderful life-giving battery is free to every reader of JOHN BULL who writes for it. This is an illustrated, scientific treatise, prepared under great expense, and by the guidance of a qualified medical man. It is sent free in a plain, sealed envelope. Write at once to The British Electric Institute (Dept. 41), 25, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C. To those who can call at the office a free test is given.—[ADVT.]

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Some Definitions:—
Hope.—A springing animal at the breast.
Hump.—Married life.
Impolite.—Candid; truthful.
Kin.—Your relatives.
Kind.—Your friends.
Lobster.—An alderman; a bishop; a soldier.
Love.—A spring disease.
Millinery.—A zoological garden; an aviary.
Mint Sauce.—See lamb.
Naughty.—Nice.
Noodle.—A young peer; a hereditary legislator.
Orphan.—The ideal wife.
Peace.—Preparedness for war.
Pearl.—Something you give to the peach.

In view of the attempted sale of the London Coliseum, it was announced that "the Royal box is connected with the Royal entrance by an electric tramway on which runs an elaborately carved oak car." What more could a purchaser want?

Mr. Hall, speaking at the Farmers' Club meeting, said "it was a perfectly sound instinct which led the farmer to be content with few or no books." We presume a bank book is excepted from this rule.

It seems there are 2,000 sleepers on every mile of railway. It will take the Embankment and Hyde Park all their time to beat this!

What's in a name? Were White and Whiteley as black as they were painted?

Thanet can show more chalk than any other place of equal area on the face of the earth. Instead of football they go in for billiards. Harry Marks the game, of course.

An advertisement offering a Persian cat for sale says, "Face very snubby, sweet expression." Like our bulldog's.

A contemporary tells us "that half our ills are due to the fact that we do not laugh enough." That was before the days of our "Bull's Eyes." Now the danger is the other way.

A New Jersey legislator has introduced a Bill for the taxation of whiskers. It should razor good revenue.

A new anæsthetic is called Novocaine. We have tried Hall Caine, with excellent results.

At a recent performance of "Peter Pan" in Manchester, the moon declined to work, so that the "stars" were moonstruck.

Dr. Fairbairn says that Mr. Campbell is "too illiterate, ill-informed, and uncharitable to be called a theologian." Hardly a fair bairn.

Mr. Carnegie says he would as soon win money at cards as in Stock Exchange speculation. These millionaires don't care how they get it.

The Chinese oath is followed by the smashing of a plate. Our lady-help reverses the process.

A woman recently dropped down dead while whipping her son. Parents, take warning.

Two American brothers claim to have twice flown over twenty miles. A flight of imagination, possibly.

Speaking of Mr. Zangwill, a contemporary says "He never laughs at his own jokes." Neither do we.

More peace preparations. The Chinese Government has ordered two million German rifles; and the Japanese a new battleship.

A certain member of the House rather noted for his prolixity, once said to his audience: "I am speaking for the benefit of posterity." "Yes," shouted one of the audience, "and if you don't get done soon they'll be here."

When a man drinks too much he is called a bacchanalian. When he smokes too much should he not be called a tobacconalian?

Caviare at 5s. a spoonful for the Colonial Premiers! That is something like caviare to the General Botha.

Religion teaches us to be good—on Sundays.

"There is seldom a funeral that does not make one person the happier," says Pulitzer. The undertaker, of course.

A firm of Irish whisky distillers has been fined £65,000 for breaches of the Excise laws. Will they manage to keep the pot-still boiling?

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[John Bull *replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.*]

Davidson Brothers' Postcards.—In a recent issue, in a reply to a correspondent, we threw doubt upon the genuineness of the photographic postcards published by Messrs. Davidson Brothers. From inquiries since made, however, we are satisfied that these are genuine photographic cards, and we desire to express our sincere regret for any injury our remarks may have caused Messrs. Davidson. We were misled by the report of a technical test, which, however, does not appear to have been correct.

"Lilian" (London).—We have handed your letter to Jim Crow. Look out for him.

J. W. (Liverpool) makes merry over the calculating powers of the *Boot and Shoe Trades Journal*, which said, on April 12th, that "manufacturers have plenty of orders on their books to keep them going at full speed for the next few months, but if this activity is to be maintained up to Whitsuntide, more orders will have to arrive."

H. T. M. (London, W.) jeers at the *Daily Mirror* for publishing two pictures on the same page—(1) Queen Ena driving with her mother, and (2) Crowds waiting at the Palace (presumably while Ena is out) for the birth of the heir. But why assume simultaneity?

With regard to the young man who had booked his passage by the Allan Line, and paid his £1 deposit, and wished to transfer his ticket for 10s., we have had a very large number of inquiries, and we beg to say that the ticket has been disposed of.

E. M. (Hove) draws our attention to a recent scandal at Stepney. Eliza Lewis (aged 81) was removed to the sick asylum by drunken men, who wrapped her in a blanket and dropped her on the pavement and then left her locked in the ambulance in the dark for twenty minutes before they could find the key. When the woman died the guardians "decided not to take severe measures, but to reduce the men's salary and to request them to take the pledge." E. M. thinks it would be simpler to pole-axe old people. The matter is being raised in the House of Commons, and we think Mr. Burns may be relied on to take proper measures. Anyhow we shall certainly make a row.

"Dubious" (Lewisham) thinks Lord William Neville got off very lightly. So does his lordship.

R. C. (Higham's Park) sends what he calls "a notable example of the elasticity of the Nonconformist conscience." It is an extract from the organ of the "United Methodist Free Churches" at Higham's Park:—"Quite a new feature obtained at our late bazaar. Property was found before it had been lost; carried off to the lost property department and money demanded before it could be recovered. Was this right? Yes, because the end justified the means!" But peradventure the Methodists were only joking with difficulty.

W. G. H. (East Ham) thinks Crow fancies himself too much, but adds:—"I admit the great talent of his writings, but I advise friend Crow to be more discreet in the future, or he may have bitter things said against him, as the Kaiser does. Moreover, he may have the parsons up in arms, and also Father Vaughan himself. A fight between Vaughan and Crow would be a Titanic struggle, I think. However, I am very partial to Crow's writings, and I send my hearty congratulations to him on his safe return from Monte Carlo." Bless our souls, Crow is quite used to bitter things by this time. He actually likes them (in his gin), and would rather be abused than not noticed at all, at all.

"The Frenchman" (Leyton) thinks it incredible that Mrs. Bull has not told us about female cabdrivers. He asks us to "whip hard." Unfortunately Mrs. Bull has the whip hand.

F. H. W. C. (Cape Town).—Thanks for the picture of the Zulu boy. What a small apron! Delighted to see you when you come home. Are you one of the Colonial Conference people?

W. F. (Brentford) says he paid the Scottish Photographic Co., of 74, Broomielaw, Glasgow, and Euston Road, London, money for photos to be delivered in 14 days. Four months have now passed, but there are no signs of the photos, nor has he even been able to get a reply to his letters.

Messrs. John Thridgould and Co., of 18 and 20, Sidney Street, Commercial Road, E., write in reference to the complaint of "W. T., Tottenham," that the parcel of cards referred to "has certainly been sent him," and that if he has not received them they must have been lost. They then proceed to say that they "have 20 parcels which cannot be despatched for various reasons, and perhaps W.T.'s parcel is among these"! If W. T. writes them again, they offer to send a duplicate parcel, or return the 1s. Messrs. Thridgould do not, however, offer any explanation of the use by the Brahmo Watch swindlers of the signature cut from a letter addressed to them.

"Ex-Joe" (Birmingham) sends us excellent material for a biscuit, and rejoices that Jim Crow is back. So don't we.

G. R. H. (Woking) sends cuttings from two papers (not named) about the Easter traffic. One shrieks "Crowds exceed every expectation. Not enough trains." The other moans "Despite the fine holiday weather it is considered that a falling off in the number of passengers may have to be reported by the railway companies." We wonder if the papers both belong to Lord Shovehalf-penny.

G. W. T. (Kensington) and P. T. (Uxbridge Road) write correcting "Assistant Clerk" in certain details. They say that assistant clerks are recruited from the ranks of boy clerks. These boys must serve at least two years before being eligible to compete at the examination for assistant clerks. The age at competition must be 19. Maximum salary obtainable when 25 years of age, £80 per annum, or 30s. a week ("dustman's wage"). Salary at 30 years of age (after at least 12 years' service), £100 per annum, or 38s. a week. It will thus be seen that the rate of pay is much worse than we at first supposed.

"A DISGUSTED BRITISH WAITER" (Elephant) sends us the conditions of service for the Irish International Exhibition, which will open on May-Day. Waiters are to pay their own fares to Dublin, receive no wages or guarantee, and can be dismissed without notice. Out of the magnificent commission of 2½ per cent. on their takings, they are to find their own lodgings, pay for breakages, etc. Don't all speak at once! Our correspondent is surprised that Mr. H. Sell (Secretary of the British Waiters' Bureau) should approve of such sweating. Perhaps he will give us his version. Otherwise we shall conclude that he is appropriately named.

An anonymous correspondent bets us a lunch (of bread and cheese) that, if we invite criticisms of Dooley, the postman will have to work overtime. That seems to prove a general interest. He thinks London a wicked place. That is why we publish JOHN BULL—to reform it.

"SURPRISED SAURIAN" (Colonial Institute) directs our attention to the following in *Punch*—"The alligator to the wandering dentist on Nile: 'Oh, please don't go,'" etc. Who shall say after this that there are no jokes in our contemporary? Alligators in Africa! It has made us laugh till we have cried—crocodile tears.

"EXPERTE CREDO" (Kilburn), S. B. G. (London), and others.—See reply above.

A READER sends us a handbill giving particulars of some Salvation Army "Easter Joys" at the Almeda Street, Islington, branch, one of the items of which is "Living Pictures," showing amongst other things, "Spots on John Bull and what the Army is Doing to Wipe them Out." There are no spots, or flies, on JOHN BULL.

H. F. A. (Cavendish Square).—See the *Catholic Times* April 5th.

R. C. (London) is another of our readers who has been favoured with one of the Phibsborough Bazaar lottery circulars. We have already explained that, as the Lottery Act does not apply to Ireland, certain ecclesiastics there see nothing wrong in gambling.

L. B. (Birmingham).—See answer above.

F. H. (Lambeth).—We will inquire into your complaint against North and Co., moneylenders, of Praed Street, Paddington.

R. J. W. (Highbury).—You will see that we have taken the other view about Rayner. Otherwise we should have thought your cartoon very good.

C. T. (Hackney) sends a copy of the *Sunday Chronicle* with a column or so of the same news printed twice over. We do not know what was done to the sub-editor. Certainly no biscuits for him.

A. E. P. (Plumstead) sends a cutting from the *Daily Mirror* stating that "both little princes were in sailor suits" at the Army Cup Final. Unfortunately, however, Lord Shovehalfpenny appended a photograph representing them in Eton jackets. Perhaps his Lordship has never been to see.

"DRAPER" (London) complains of firms which advertise for assistants without mentioning full particulars of requirements. Very inconsiderate, as applicants often come from afar.

W. HART (Bedford Park) noticed our remarks *re* F. S. Hilditch (late of Whitefriars), who solicits 2s. 9d. for doing something to a photograph and keeps the money without doing anything. Victims will be glad to have Hilditch's private address (28, Rovensden Street, Kennington, S.E.), which Mr. Hart kindly sends us.

H. H. (Dalston).—Doctors need not attend patients unless they choose, but we suppose they are usually ready to go out at night if their services are urgently required, and if they are sure of their fees.

MRS. B. B. (Leyton) wants us to give ourselves a biscuit for calling the dog on our cover a pup, but we are not to pass the biscuit to Jim Crow, as "it is time he was in the rookery." She asks how long we have been having pups. We really cannot answer such indiscreet questions. As a matter of fact, our pup will soon be a year old. Has Mrs. B. B. ordered his birthday present?

J. E. (Sheffield).—Everybody seems to be wanting to give someone else a biscuit. Such vicarious appetites are beginning to alarm us. We cannot afford one for the *Sheffield Daily Telegraph*, which announced the death of a live man and then made a handsome apology.

A. B. (Manchester) calls our attention to a circular announcing the appearance of a new journal, entitled "Betrothals," which is "to be devoted to the registration of engagements"—at a shilling a time. The arguments used by the proprietors are somewhat neatly stated. Here they are:—(1) To inform your friends everywhere. (2) *To stamp your engagements.* (3) To prevent misunderstandings. Should the idea catch on, we suggest a companion journal—"Divorces."

"LOAN" (Lavender Hill).—We never recommend moneylenders.

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BRANCHES AND AGENCIES EVERYWHERE.

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THE LARGEST SALE IN THE WORLD.

W. K. (Nottingham).—Have nothing to do with the "British Electric-Medical Company," of Byron House, Fleet Street, E.C.

H. J. S. (Stoke Newington).—We have noticed the affair of Alderman Crow. We do not see why newspapers should not write the word damned in full. "D——d" is merely a damned affectation.

SCEPTIC (Southwark).—Sorry your letter was overlooked, but glad you will join a John Bull League when there is one. We don't believe implicitly in "magnetic waves," "odic force," or any other form of quackery warranted to cure all ailments under the sun. The only thing we should give the "Appareil Magnetique Dept." (9, Walbrook, E.C.) is—a wide berth.

A. F. (Cardiff).—Mrs. Keir Hardie's reference to the milking-stool was probably "pawky" humour.

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Sale price 3 for 20/-, *post free.*
Sample 6/11, *post.* 3d.

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Sale price 3 for 36/-, *post free*
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Sale price 3 for 50/-, *post free.*
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All general Banking Business transacted.
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AN EXAMPLE

Solid Gold Gem Ring, 6 Diamonds and 2 Rubies or Sapphires. 6/6

WM. H. DRINKWATER (31, Pembury Grove, Clapton, N.E.) wants to do translations from the French and Spanish languages. Can any reader give him a job?

F. G. J. (Leeds) is the honorary secretary of the local branch of the Liberation Society. He tell us that we are quite wrong in the impression that "teetotalers are a dull, miserable, kill-joy, 'moping-mum' sort of people" (he does not give his authority for putting this view upon us), and in support of his contention he sends us, with great pride, a programme of a recent concert held at the Albert Hall, Leeds, under the auspices of the "National Commercial Temperance League." He tells us that over 1,200 people were present, and asks us to indulge in a kind of posthumous participation in the joys of the evening. We have, accordingly, referred to the programme, and—overlooking the most prominent announcement, in big type, on the first page, of a "silver collection on entrance"—our eye lights upon one of the earliest items, which is a "Song at the piano," entitled "I want somebody to love me," and is alleged to have been sung by Miss Mildred Wrighton "of London." The good lady seems very energetic in search of her object—going all the way to Leeds. Then we have a "Monologue," "The Three Ages of Man," by Mr. Joseph Blascheck, also "of London"; then a "Humorous song," "What a very great improvement it would be"—a delightfully incomplete title, which suggests the addition of a few words, such as "if only there were a decent drink on the premises." Altogether, it must have been an excruciatingly hilarious function. We shall never again allow ourselves to be even suspected of thinking that teetotalers do not know how to enjoy themselves.

A. L. L. (Ilford).—Thanks for information, but the subject is not worth following up.

R. F. quotes from the *Manor's Message* (the organ of the U.M.F.C. Bermondsey Mission): "God can do nothing with the proud." We thought most missionaries believed Him to be omnipotent. However, we are not theologians.

(We regret we are obliged to hold over a large number of replies.)

ART IN THE PAPERS.

A DISTINGUISHED GUEST.

According to the *Daily Mail*, this gentleman was one of the "distinguished guests" at the Guildhall Banquet to the Colonial Premiers. We seem to know the feathers by sight, though we are not sure we know the face to speak to. Zoologically considered, the subject appears to be one of the higher primates, genus *Homo Sapiens*. Our reason for this opinion is that the form is erectile, apparently vertebrate, and that the face is vertical, lying below rather than in front of the brain case. The jaws, the orbits, and the ridges above them are somewhat shrouded in mystery, and the chin seems rather more S. by N.E. than W. by N., the two angles lying somewhere between the North Pole and the Equator. The lower limbs are bifurcated, and the horizontal sole, the projecting heel, and the non-opposable great toe appear to be encased in boots. The *Daily Mail* labels the specimen "Lord Roberts," but it is so much unlike that well-known variety of genus *Homo* that the allegation seems highy incredible. To settle the question we are submitting the photograph to the head of the Anthropological Department of the Natural History Museum.

RACING NOTES.

By W. LOTINGA.
["*Larry Lynx*" *of* "*The People.*"]

Bred, not "Made."
National winners are essentially bred 'chasers—and very rarely indeed flat racers.

Nearly "Show it up."
At times, horses that have not been backed almost drag their jockeys "there."

Brings the Glamour of Aldershot.
Naturally the Isle of Wight meeting is booming now that Colonel Toogood is at the head of it.

Everything Favours the Bookie.
How aggravating it is to backers to read the phrase about a horse they have just ceased following, that he has "returned to form" and won. Oh, The Rialto and Camisard!

The Owner of the Blue, Yellow Sleeves.
Captain T. S. Denny is one of the best signallers in the British Army, and did wonderful service during the South African war. He has been winning a shoal of little races at recent hunt meetings.

Over the Alfriston Brooks.
The now annual cross-country running foot-race at Alfriston has this time been put back until May 8th, when Lord Michelham is giving a 25-guinea cup, open to *bonâ-fide* stable lads in the whole of Sussex. There is no entry fee.

The "Sort" We Want.
Mr. A. M. Crickett, the popular young owner, patronises racing solely for the love of horses and of riding them. He never bets a sixpence, is a fine horseman, and hunts, on an average, four days a week.

Lack Stayers.
It may be said that we have no good long-distance handicap horses, when thrown in old ones like Winwick, Gourd, Mintagon, and Pradella gained the chief events last year, and this season's prospect is no better.

9 a.m. Betting.
The club joke is that the "Morning Betting" must be either "dreamt" or be between one or two of the "old school." A more suitable styling would be "The Office Boy's Fancies," or "A Sub-Editor's Guesses."

Balsarroch's Jockey.
M. Aylin has now returned to Austria for this season, his last year's employers having offered him an increase of £400 in his retainer. Monty's luck must be "in," as he recently had returned to him, anonymously, £40 which was stolen with his pocket case in a certain billiard-room several months ago.

Bookies seem Fair Game.
Bookmakers are now again permitted to bet openly on South African race-courses. The law there is evidently as mixed as here, for it has now stigmatised the pari-mutual as illegal. Help to the funds, however, is gained by demanding 2½ per cent. commission on all transactions in bookmakers' volumes.

Remember the Date.
My decision to give the proceeds of the Jockeys *v.* Athletes' cricket match, at the Oval on July 1st, to the Lord Mayor's Cripples Fund has brought me a big correspondence—approving and objecting. It is impossible to please EVERYBODY, and my sole object in promoting these true amateur sporting games is, apart from the fun of the thing (for the players, I mean, not the promoter), to do some REAL good for various deserving causes. And what better than for children—especially cripples? In due time EVERYTHING shall be recognised, and on the list already I have—in turn—the Waterloo Hospital for Children, the Police and Sailors' Orphanages, the Railway Servants' Homes, the Cricketers' Fund, the Rendlesham Jockeys' Fund, and other institutions. All will have a helping hand—except the Anti-Gambling League.

Epsom Did it Last Week.
The mandate of the turf authorities that the numbers and jockeys' names have to be left in the frame until the horses have passed the post is what I have been clamouring for for years, and had brought about at many metropolitan meetings. There is no reason why, immediately the bell rings, the numbers should be hauled down in hot haste as though they would melt. After the result one frequently desires to see who rode the winner, and more especially is this so in long distance races. The edict, or the common sense of race managers, should be still further extended and allow the figures and names to remain untouched for quite five minutes subsequently.

"John Bull."
It was very natural that our editor should, with his true spirit of commercialism, desire the name of "John Bull" for his useful staying three-year-old, The Rusk colt. But there were difficulties in the way, insomuch as a horse of like name—although unknown to the turf—was registered as being in evidence. Owing to my par. of a fortnight ago, and the kindly aid of readers—Messrs. W. H. Smith, of Wimbledon, and F. Hopkins, of Cardiff—the horse "John Bull" has been traced as being a travelling country sire. Arrangements have therefore become possible for the due registration of the name of "John Bull" for the Rusk colt, under which it was intended that he should make his three-year-old début at Sandown last Thursday. But he was finally kept for another time—for, as with this paper, John must of course be *primus*.

The Past.
The Epsom and Sandown week experienced quite their usual success, but although having no opportunity of discussing the meetings, it is really too late now even to allude to any salient features. Velocity's magnificent performance has been extolled *ad nauseam*, and he is undoubtedly a "great" horse just now. The credit of his success—which cannot be overrated—is due to Mr. P. P. Peebles, who has always evinced greater partiality for sport than for paper-making. Moreover, the possession of Velocity is almost the *first* real chance which this fine sportsman has ever had, despite the success he scored in a minor way with Valenza, Gyp, and others of his own during the past half-dozen years. Father Blind, for instance, he picked up for forty guineas as a yearling, and everything that he has ever bought similary has won races. The stable bet but very little, and won very little, despite Peebles' confidence in his horses' well-being and ability. But the truth really is, that neither with Father Blind nor Velocity had he any possibility of

Now is the time for sportsmen to seriously consider with whom they intend to entrust their turf commissions during the summer of 1907. There is certainly no turf accountant who transacts his business more carefully and thoroughly than Mr. E. W. Betts, of 41, Charing Cross Road. The features of this business house are generosity of terms and promptitude in all settlements. The investor of small amounts will be glad to hear that Mr. Betts makes a speciality of accepting small commissions. Write at once for full particulars and terms of business.—(ADVT.)

Now Ready.

The most vivid racehorse portrai's ever produced.

MINTAGON (C. TRIGG Up.)

POLYMELUS (D. MAHER Up.)

the respective popular winners of the

Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire.

The joint photo bears each jockey's autograph and is a reproduction in facsimile colours equal to hand-colouring.

A Signed Portrait of

"LARRY LYNX",

The writer of these notes is added

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knowing what the horse's real merits were, for he has nothing to try them with, owning practically beyond these two only a few two-year-olds. As in the past, Velocity will doubtless be run out for his handicap engagements, and therefore promises to antagonise Polymelus in the Jubilee, when the pair will meet on even terms, each carrying 9st. 12lb. This is always a heavy-weights' race, and a course to carry weight over, so that the chances of both are paramount, the stumbling-block being the three-year-old Polar Star, who will probably be penalised before these words are in type.

The Wrong 'Uns' Luck.

As in the Lincoln with Ob, Velocity has been a god-send to bookmakers generally and especially the fraudulent ones, for ninety-nine people out of every hundred had got their bets before Velocity was even known to be a runner, forty-eight hours before the race, while he was never even quoted in the supposed price list of wagers made until twenty-four hours before his victory. Thus there has been practically nothing to "pay out," so that they still have the credit of being (ostensibly) sound and solvent and able to continue to advertise—having the means paid them by the backers of Velocity's opponents to do so.

We backers are all human, and if we happen to see a man's advertisement, or have his circulars for a few weeks continuously, we begin to *believe* that he is "all right." This is where the "crooks" have been abnormally lucky both last season and this at the outset; and yet Eremon's winning the National brought me a whole deluge of complaints from people who are still wanting—and are ever likely to want—their money. Thoughts of self and an utter lack of the spirit of philanthropy help these swindlers enormously, for newspaper proprietors, in the main, are not "built" in the way of refusing any man's advertisement when he comes—as these men artfully do—accompanied by cash in hand. Thus what we see and read is not all what should be, and I reiterate my very earnest warning to the public generally to heed the few advertisements in these columns, over whose advertisements I *personally* have and maintain control.

In Oireland.

To be exact, £1,563 is provided annually for King's plates to be run for in Ireland under the vote for miscellaneous expenses, provision for such being transferred from the Civil List to votes in 1831. The conditions under which the plates are competed for are determined by the Master of the Horse, on the recommendation of the Lord Lieutenant for Ireland, the payment being made to the winners on joint application to the Irish Government by the clerk of the course and the lieutenant of the county. The present distribution dates from 1900, when the valuation of the plates was altered, and the number reduced to eight at the following respective venues:—The Curragh, £315, £315 £210, £210; County Down, £197 6s. 2d.; Bellewstown, £105; Cork Park, £105; County Galway, £105; total, £1,562 6s. 2d.

Prophetic.

Although the Guineas is, of course, far and away the most important event of the week, metropolitans will be mainly interested in the Lingfield programme on Saturday. Although ten days off at the time of writing, I must, of necessity, now mention the Chester meeting. As regards the Cup, there is nothing like public form, and seeing that

TURBINE

only just missed the Great Metropolitan under 7st. 6lb., and has but 6st. 12lb. now, it seems reasonable to say that what beats him must win—especially as horses who run well on the tortuous Epsom track invariably do the same at Chester.

The all-important question of the relations between layer and backer is ever with us. But for the possibility of "having a bit on," the public interest in the horse-racing world would be insignificant, and the need for a business-like system to which the sporting public may pin their faith is very evident. The well-known Turf Accountant, Mr. Daniel M. Gant, member of Tattersall's, has built up an enormous business as the result of giving really satisfactory treatment to backers. An important feature of his system is the "No-Limit" principle. If the horse backed wins at 100 to 1 the full odds are paid. The fairness of Mr. Gant's method is everywhere recognised, and is vouched for by investigations which have been made by the sporting Press. One other point may be alluded to, and that is the trouble Mr. Gant takes to keep his clients' business absolutely private. Those who appreciate this combination of the three cardinal virtues of a Turf Accountant — "Fairness," "Privacy," and "No-Limit"—should write to 25, Conduit Street, London.

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